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THE
THREE BOOKS
OF
Publius Ovidius Naso,
DE
Arte Amandi.

Translated, with
Historical, Poetical,
and
Topographical Annotations.

By *Francis Wolferston*, of the Inner-
Temple, Gent.

Et prodesse volet, & delectare.

LONDON,
Printed for *Joseph Cranford*, at the *Castle and Lion* in
St. Paul's Church-yard. 1661.



TO THE
*Valiant and truly Noble Major-
General Randolphus Egerton,
Lieutenant to His Majesties
Life-guard.*

SIR,

HAd my Endeavours born a
Symmetry to my desires, this
which casts it self at your
feet, had been worth your
eye; but such is my mis-fortune, that
what I designed to be responsible for
the interest of that service I am bound
to pay you, being priviledged with
your protection, renders mee much
more a debtor to you, and *Meanders*
mee into such a labyrinth of Obligati-
ons, that they only leave mee capable to
evince to the world how great my gra-
titude would appear, were your merit

The Epistle Dedicatory.

less. (Generous Sir) having afforded mee your protection, I shall boast a fame next to that of your Loyalty, which is so well known, and in the most dangerous attempts hath been proportioned with a courage no less true than the oppugners designs were traiterous. Your Sovereign hath acknowledged, and your Country oweth you for actions beyond the amplest Characters of Art to express. Take this (Sir) as the preface to that respect I owe you, and grace the front of my labours with your acceptance, an honour that transcends my desert, and shall ever be acknowledged Superlative by

*Sir,
Your obedient servant,*

FR. WOLFERSTON.

TO

T O
The Entertaining Reader.

HAVING lately fabricated some Poems o,
my own, I feared it might argue too great
a presumption for mee, altogether a
stranger to the Press, at first to publish
things that had never swallowed the pills of cen-
sure; which timidity, (generous Reader) was the
first Motive to this Translation, and induced me
to present you with a Roman Muse, yet habited i.
an English dress, which, if (out of your accustomed
civility to strangers) you shall please to grace with
a candid reception, I shall labour to gratifie with
an English Thalia: And though it is as far from
my expectation, as ambition to please all (for I
know there are such as would reject Apollo him-
self, should hee happen into their prophane hands;
whose Elogies and detractions are, in the opinion
of judicious persons, equally prejudicial to any that
merit an Iô Pæan) yet I hope to meet with some
both learned and ingennous, that will at least allow
my pains in a succinct Translation; which (to
escape the Charybdis of over curious and critical
censures) I have rendred throughout line for line.

To the Reader.

If I have any where mistaken the Author, I doubt not but you will favourably acquit or correct it, when you shall know I have had nothing more, to instruct mee in his meaning, than his own words: Notwithstanding which, I hope you will finde I have forced no constraction dis-intelligible to the Latine. And although this Poem of Ovids is by some (mistaking it for his Amorum) accused of too much levity and wantonness, I have englished it in so modest a sense, that (if their judgement bee responsible to my expectation) it will bee inoffensive to the chastest ear. For the Annotations, they are such as I thought convenient, for the amplifying the Readers intelligence, to introduce to each book, which to some perhaps may seem too large, to others not large enough; either of which I might have humoured, but that I was confident the ingenious would be better satisfied with mediocrity, to whose auspicious and favourable censures, these first indeavours are humbly presented by

FRANCIS WOLFERSTON.

The



The first Book of
Publius Ovidius Naso
De Arte Amandi:

The Argument.

Ovid *shows where you may choice Beauties see,
The Theatre and Forum's places be
Well stor'd with all sorts: how you may begin
To entertain them with discourse, and win
Your self acquaintance: in the stories, hee,
Of Byblis, Myrrha, and Pasiphaë,
Unlawful lust condemns; next a way shows
To gain access: doth confidence impose.
Fine Courtship teacheth men, and in the end
Forbids to trust a Mistress with a friend.*

IF any here bee ignorant in Love,
Let him read these, hee shall a Lover prove.
Swift Ships with flying Sails by Art are led,
Chariots by Art, by Art Love's governed.
Well could [1] *Automedon* in Chariots ride,
And [2] *Typhis* the *Æmonian* ship did guide;
Venus hath mee her Deputy proclaim'd:
Love's *Typhis* and *Automedon* I'm nam'd.
Love raging is, hee oft repugneth mee,
But hee's a Boy, and must directed bee.
(3) *Phillyrides* to harp *Archie* taught,
And furious minds by Art to mildness brought.

A +

Both

Both friends and foes hee terrifi'd, 'tis said,
 That the full-year-old-man was much afraid:
 Those hands must *Hector* feel, which censur'd fit
 By's Master, hee doth to the Rod submit.
Chiron, *Achilles*, I love's Master am,
 Both cræe Boyes, both from a (4) Goddeſs came.
 But necks of Steers with Plows itill loaded are,
 And in their mouths fierce horses bridles wear.
 So I can love incline, my heart though hee
 Wound with his bow, and dart his flames at mee;
 Though Love torment, on mee impression make
 In this a nobler Revenge I'll take.
Phæbus, I feign not Arts inspir'd by thee,
 Nor that the Aiery Bird premonisht mee.
 (5) *Clio* nor *Clio's* Sisters have I seen
 A keeping Sheep on the *Aſcrean* (6) Green.
 Use cauſeth this, to a skill'd Poet bow,
 Truths ſing I: Love grace my beginnings now.
 Be gone yee (7) *Vitta* badge of modeſty,
 And borders which down to the feet do lye.
Venus ſecure, and granted pleasures wee
 Sing: in my verſes there no fault ſhall be.
 Thou who a Souldier in this war wouldſt prove,
 Muſt labour firſt to finde out whom to love,
 And next of all the pleaſing Girle to gain,
 Laſt, that her love may a long time remain.
 This way, this manner, to our courſe aſſign,
 Nor muſt our Chariot-wheel this Goal decline.
 With out-caſt lures, go ſtill about, chuſe one,
 To whom ſay thus, Thou pleaſeſt mee alone.
 Heaven will not drop one down, then look about
 Until you finde a pleaſing Beauty out.
 The Hunts-man knows well where his toils to lay,
 And in what dale the foaming Bear doth ſtay.
Fruit-

Fruit-trees the Fowler knows, Fishers can chuse
 The place, to swim where shoals of fishes use.
 So you that would a Lover bee, inquire
 To what place most your Mistress doth retire.
 To finde her out, I'll not command that thou
 Shouldst travel far, nor the vast Ocean plow.
 (8) *Perseus* (8) *Andromache* from (9) *India* brought.
 A Girle in *Grecia*, *Trojan Paris* sought.
 So many beauties (10) *Rome* affords to thee,
 That in the world there can none greater bee.
 As Cornon (11) *Ida*, Grapes in (12) *Lesbos* found,
 As Sea's with Fish, as Trees with Birds abound;
 As Heaven of Stars, of Maids so full is *Rome*,
Venus appears i'th' City of her (13) Son.
 If that a tender growing age you prize,
 Unstained Virgins are before your eyes.
 If one mature you seek, here thousands are,
 You cannot chuse one, than the rest, more fair.
 If a grave Matron do delight you much,
 Here useth oft to bee a band of such.
 You may but gently walk in *Pompes* Grove,
 When *Sol* doth on the back of (14) *Leo* move.
 Or, where the Mother did t' her Sons gifts add
 A costly work, th' outside with Marble clad.
 You must not pass by (15) *Livies* Porch, where are
 Old Stories, which their Authors name do bear.
 Where (16) *Belides* their Husbands have not spar'd,
 But barb'rously slaughters for them prepar'd.
 Bewail'd (17) *Adonis*, pass not by, nor that
 Which is to th' man of *Juda* consecrate.
 Unto the Temple of *Nile's* (18) heifer go,
 Shee many makes, 'cause thee to *Jove* was so.
 Who'd think (19) the *Forum's* should cause love, yet
 The flames of *Venus* many times appear. (there
 Where

Where (20) *Appias* plac'd in *Venus* Marble fane,
 Yields a soft sound, waters powr'd down again.
 Oft hee that love consults here, love affects,
 Whilst others he cares for, himself neglects.
 Oft in this place the Eloquent are mute,
 New things fall out, they must plead their own fate.
Venus laughs at that man, who coming too
 Plead for another, for himself must wooe.
 Chiefly the (21) curved Theatres frequent,
 Choice beauty's hither come, will you content,
 Here you shall finde what's lovely, what you could
 Sport gladly with, if touch, for ever hold.
 As busie Ants in Troops march to and fro,
 And mouths full-stor'd with wonted food do go.
 Or as the Bee through groves to pastures hies,
 There from one flower to another flies.
 So thick the Ladies to the Stage repair,
 Oft I have wondred at their numbers fair;
 Hither they come to see, and to bee seen,
 Here modesty hath oft neglected been.
 Such playes thou (22) *Romulus* devis'dst, when
 The *Sabine* women pleas'd thy widowed men.
 O're th' Marble Theatre, then no sale did wave,
 Nor could the Tragick Stage red colours have.
 Green leaves, the trees excrecents, then were thrown
 About the Stage, Artless the Scene was known;
 On gradual seats of sods and turfs, made fit
 With leavie boughs, then did the people sit;
 Each man sits round, and doth his Mistress see,
 And in their still breasts many notions bee.
 Whilst *Thais* rudely pipes upon his flute,
Iulius stamps three times on the ground with's foot:
 I in midst of all their sport (which Art did want)
 The King as wish't signs to his men did grant.

Shouts

Shouts shew their joy, each man leaps from his place;
And doth in's eager arms a Maid imbrace.
As fearful Doves do from the Eagle flye,
Or tender Lambs, when they a Wolf espye;
So the poor Maids afraid o'th' Souldiers fled,
A total paleness all their cheeks o're-spread;
One fear had all of them, but not one face,
These tear their hair, and those swoond in the place;
These silent grieve, those mother call in vain, (main,
This mourns, that's 'maz'd, this runs, that doth re-
Thus were the shame-fac'd Maids ravisht and led
A genial prey unto each *Romans* bed.

If one refus'd, her servant did imbrace,
And her straight on his wanton knees would place,
Then say, Why weeps my Dear? I'll be no other
To thee, than was thy Father to thy Mother.

Romulus to pay thy men, well didst thou know,
So pay mee, and I'll be thy Souldier too.
From that first time the Stage hath yearly bin
A place for to entrap the fairest in.

Th' *Capacious* (23) *Circus*, of a large extent,
Where right-bred horses run, you must frequent;
Point not at all with fingers any way,
Nor with a nodd do you your thoughts betray.
Accost your Mistress, whilst by none deny'd,
And gently joyn your self unto her side;
If shee refuse that you should sit so neer,
The custome of the place allows it there;
Here you must ask (for 'tis the readiest way
To gain discourse) things in the present play:
Whose horse is this comes up, and then must you
Whatever shee commends, commend it too.
Or when a stately shew th' contenders raise,
As you see her, so you must *Venus* praise.

Or

Or if the dust rais'd high fall on her then
 You with your hand must brush it off agen.
 If none light on her, yet brush off that none,
 Action in such a case becometh one.
 If her loose Mantle fall unto the ground,
 To take't up, you must bee officious found :
 Whilst you stoop low, observe with nimble eye,
 If that you can a dainty legge espye.
 Take care lest they that sit behinde her push,
 Or with their knees her tender back should crush.
 'Tis profitable sleight things please her oft,
 As with your hand to make her cushion soft.
 Some, fanning cool air, do their Mistress move,
 Or with a foot eas'd give a birth to love.
 The *Circus* yeelds such opportunities,
 Or th' Sand which all about the *Forum* flies.
 Oft amorous youths, that on th' (24) *Arena* fought,
 Beholding others wounds, worse wounds have
 Or whilst they look for, and a book require, (caught.
 And t' have the Victors prize put down desire,
 Wounded cry out, feeling loves cruel dart,
 And ere they do begin, are struck to th' heart.
 When *Cesar* from a naval fight did come,
 The *Persian* and *Asbenian* ships brought home,
 How many foreigners did then appear?
 A world of people in the City were.
 Who at that time could not a Mistress gain,
 How many did on forein Loves complain?
Cesar for's conquered Nations doth prepare,
 And ours the (25) utmost bounds o'th' Orient are.
 (26) *Crausus* rejoyce, *Parthians* our spoils return,
 And *Romane* Ensigns by the Barbarous born.
 W'have one though young t'revenge us hath attain'd
 And conquests, by such years not got, hath gain'd.

To

To count the birth-day of the Gods forbear,
 Before that day the *Cæsars* valiant were.
 Wisdome Divine his youthful years adorn,
 And he to lose through Idleness doth scorn.
 (27) *Tyrinthus* did, when he was but a Boy,
 Worthy so great a birth, two Snakes destroy.
 Now young man (such thou *Bacchus* didst appear,
 When conquer'd *India* did thy (28) *Thyrsis* fear)
 Thou at thy Fathers years his arms shall wear,
 And every where his prosperous *Trophies* bear.
 Let thy great name thus much declare to thee,
 Th'art chief of th' young men, and of th' old shalt be.
 The young thy Brothers are, revenge their cause
 The old thy Fathers be, protect their Laws.
 Thy (29) Countries Fathers arms for thee prepare:
 The foe thy Fathers Kingdomes peece-meale teare;
 Thou pious arms dost bear, so doth not hee,
 Justice and Vertue will thy Ensigns be.
 May'st thou in arms the *Parthians* overcome,
 And add *Eo* in wealth to *Latium*.
Cæsar and *Mars* smile both when hee doth go;
 Each of you is a God, and shall bee so.
 I prophesie you'l vanquish, and will raise
 In lofty verses a deserving praise.
 Thou with my words thy troops shalt animate,
 Let not thy memory these dissipate.
Roman pursuits, and *Parthian* flights I'll sing,
 How th'enemies their shafts do backward (30) fling.
 The *Parthian* flying, doth his foe assaile,
 And with an Omen so malign prevail.
 The time shall come when thou a Victor known,
 Brave man shalt be by four white horses drawn.
 Before thee Chieftains going, with Givies so chain'd,
 That liberty by wonted flight's not gain'd.

Young

Young Men and Maids will come for to behold,
 And that day many will their minds unfold.
 Then if your Mistress ask a Princes name,
 Or what in's Country is of chiefest fame,
 All things declare, yea though shee ask of none :
 And talk of things unheard of, as if known.
 (31) *Euphrates* this with Reeds edg'd on each side,
 That (31) *Tygris* which with blewish streams doth
 Call these *Armenians*, those of *Persia* : {glide
 Say 'tis a City in *Achæmenia*;
 These were Commanders, them by right names call
 If that you can, if not, feign names for all:
 Banquets preparatives are, and Tables spread,
 But something besides Wine is to be had.
 Oft *Bacchus* Grapes of all those sweets the best,
 Hath Purple *Cupid* in his soft hands prest,
 Until with Wine his spreading wings made wet,
 Hee sits him down, and sleeps where hee is set.
 Anon the wet from's dabled wings doth shake,
 But cannot love from's heart so easily take.
 Wine doth prepare and heat, our griefs allay,
 Cares in full cups of wine are washt away;
 It laughter brings, and doth the poor man cheer,
 Sorrow expels, and clouded looks doth clear.
 It oft-times doth our private thoughts declare,
 And by its means with Arts wee furnisht are,
 Oft-times young men with Love it doth inspire,
 Love joyn'd with Wine, is putting fire to fire.
 Chuse not in Wine, neither when it is night,
 That injureth your judgement, this your sight.
 (32) *Paris* the Goddesses i'th' day did see
 When *Venus* hee the fairest judg'd to be.
 Night imperfection hides, no faults doth show;
 Makes them that are not fair, seem to bee so.

Rich

Rich Gemms and Purple in the day peruse,
 By th' light of th' Sun a good complexion chuse.
 Why should I mention those that with intent
 To hunt, in numbers do the woods frequent?
 Why any thing of shoars should I relate,
 Or baths which do sulphurious smoaks create?
 Where some being wounded to the heart thus speak,
 This water's not so good as some would make,
 Loe in the Suburbs *Delia's* Temple stands,
 And Kingdomes won by sword-supporting hands.
 'Caule thee's a Maid, and scorns at *Cupids* bow,
 Hee will his shafts amongst her creatures throw.
 The severall places where choice beauties be,
 Hereto hath my *Thalia* sung to thee.
 That fair one, which thou most dost fancy, now
 T' obtain (the top of Art) I'll teach thee how.
 Whoere you bee, your easie minds incline,
 And every one observe my discipline.
 Assume a courage first, think any may
 Be won, and fearless your devices lay.
 First Birds and Locusts shall to sing forbear,
 And the (33) *Menalian* Hound run from the Hare,
 E're Virgins courted will young men deny,
 The most unwilling yeeld most willingly.
 Stolen pleasure's grateful to a young mans fire,
 Ladies as much do privately desire.
 'Tis fit a Love-sick Maid her mind should show,
 Lest hee shee loves should to another go.
 Heifers do low after a Bull i'th' Mead,
 After ston'd-horses too young Mares have ney'd.
 But lust's repress in us, it rageth not,
 Wee lawful bounds unto our flames allot.
 Of (34) *Byblis*, who incestuous love did make,
 And therefore hang'd her self, why should I speak?

Or

Or (35) *Myrrha* who did for her Father burn,
 How into bark her tender skin did turn?
 Her tears do us perfume, which odours are,
 And *Myrrab's* name those precious drops still bear.
 On *Ida's* leavie plains under the shade,
 A Bull the glory of the herd was laid.
 A hide as white as milk, this beast adorns,
 Except a black spot just betwixt his horns
 (36) *Gnosfos* and *Cydon* heifers him would gain,
 And gladly on their backs this Bull sustain.
 Lustful (37) *Pasiphaë* makes him her Matè,
 And therefore doth the lovely heifers hate.
 Known truths I sing, which *Creet* though us'd to be,
 Nor all her (38) hundred Cities can deny.
 Shee with an untaught hand is said to pull
 Green leaves, and mow the Meadows for her Bull.
 Amongst the droves is in the pastures born,
 Her Husband leaves, a Bull doth *Minos* horn.
Pasiphaë why dost go in cloaths that are
 So rich? thy Bull doth not for such things care.
 Why in a glass dost feign the herd to see,
 Or that a hairy skin doth cover thee?
 But yet beleeve thy glass, for it will show
 No horns, though wisht for, on thy fore-head grow.
 Doth *Minos* please? no other take, at least
 Deceive him with a man, not with a beast.
 The Queen, her bed being left, through woods and
 Like an enraged Priest of *Bacchus* roves. (groves
 How hath shee frown'd, when shee did Heifers see,
 And said, why should my Lord so pleased bee?
 See how shee leaps before him, thinking to
 Please him, imagines hee's delighted so.
 Then shee commands her from that place be brought,
 To draw the undeserved yoke be taught,

Or

Or her a Sacrifice oth' Altar makes;
 And in her hands the harlots entrails takes;
 How oft she did with such the Gods appease;
 Say thus to th' slain, go, you my Bull could please!
 (39) Now *Io* (40) then *Europa* would shee turn,
 A Heifer that, this on a Bull was born.
 The Bull deceiv'd by her, cloz'd in a frame,
 The Author of a monstrous birth became.
 (41) Had *Cressa* to *Thyestes* bed not gone,
 (How hard it is to be content with one)
Sol i'th' *Meridian* had not staid, nor then
 Back to *Aurora* had return'd agen.
 King (42) *Nisus* daughter stole his Purple Hair;
 And now a Birds form is suppos'd to bear.
 (43) One *Scylla*, *Circes* made, a monster foul,
 Under whose belly furious Sea-dogs howl.
 (44) *Atrides* from all dangers sav'd his life,
 Yet fell, a Victim to his lustful wife.
 (45) The bloody Mother wept not for the breath
 Of her slain Sons, neither *Creüsa's* death.
 (46) *Phœnix* *Aminors* Son no tears doth spare.
 (47) *Hippolitus* mad horses piece-meal tear.
 (48) Doting *Phineus* works his childrens ends,
 And the same fate upon himself attends.
 All these sad mischiefs womens lusts have made,
 More raging th'are than ours, and more unstaide.
 Doubt not to gain what beauty ere you chule,
 'Mongst many you'l not finde one to refuse.
 What they grant or deny, they love to be
 Entreated, let repulse not trouble thee.
 Be not deceiv'd in change most pleasure finde;
 And a new Love will alienate your minde.
 The Corn is riper in adjacent fields;
 Your neighbours Cow a larger Elder yeelds.

First let it be your care her Maid to gain,
 For shee an easie entrance can obtain.
 Be sure 'tis her that all her secrets knows,
 To whom shee doth her private thoughts disclose.
 With gifts and promises corrupt her, shee
 Can easily with thy wishes furnish thee.
 Shee'l chuse a time, and so Physicians use,
 When her you love is least apt to refuse.
 Shee's fit't for such impressions when shee smiles,
 So standing Corn thrives best in tanning soils;
 When mirth shee entertains, no griets molest,
Venus is soon't admitted to her breast.
 (45) *Ilion* when sad, with arms defended sits,
 When glad, the foe containing horse admits.
 Try when some foe hath crost her, for then shee
 T'revenge her self on him, will pleasure thee.
 The Maid imploy'd in dressing of her head,
 May move this, and to you assistance add.
 With a low murmuring noise, thus whisper, sure
 You cannot his unworthy change endure;
 Then shee may name you, urge your praises high,
 Swear, for her love you are resolv'd to dye;
 Make haste then and go to her, lest shee may
 Be angry, and grow cold, through your delay.
 If you should think the best way's to begin
 And kiss her Maid, much danger is therein.
 The Maid is coming, but the Mistress coy,
 That would have what this onely should enjoy.
 'Tis hazardous, though sweet, hard to refrain,
 Yet my advice is, that you should abstain.
 Headlong o're Precipeces Ile not tread,
 Nor following mee, shall young men be mis-led.
 Receiving Letters by her, though you finde
 Some pretty postures pleasing to your mind,

Yet

Yet th' Mistress then shee's yours, to *Venus* see
 That your first offering no Handmaid be,
 This I advise, if you will credit Art,
 Let not my words like hollow winds depart:
 Never attempt, or else a conquest make,
 Y'are safe, if ever shee your crimes partake.
 Neither can Birds from their lim'd feathers flye;
 Nor can the Boar the Windowy Net untye.
 The Fish is eas'ly caught, when stru't by Art,
 Do not unsatisfi'd from her depart.
 The fault being mutual, shee will not accuse,
 Or to declare her Mistress mind refuse.
 If you keep Counsel, do her not discover,
 Shee'l be to you a mind-informing Lover.
 Hee's out that thinks hee may at pleasure plow;
 Or *Pilots* any time for Sea allow.
 Alwaies the Husbandman doth not prevail,
 Neither do ships in every season fail.
 Alwaies to be a courting's not secure,
 You onely at convenient times must wooe her;
 If it her birth-day bee, or when the Queen
 Of Love, with *Mars* is in conjunction seen:
 Or when sh'has on a cloath of Silver-gown,
 And in the *Circus* a rich prize put down,
 Desist: when winter comes, and (50) *Pleiades*,
 For that the (51) Goat is swallowed in the Sea;
 'Tis best leave off: then they which trust the deep,
 Scarce any part of their torn sails can keep.
 Begin such time as (52) *Allia* before
 Begant' look red, and blush with *Roman* gore;
 Or on that (53) Feast begin to court again
 Which th' (54) man of *Palestina* did ordain.
 Be sure her birth-day solemnly be spent,
 You something, though close-fisted, must present.
E 2
Ladies

Ladies do many pretty motions make,
 And any thing that is that servants take.
 The Milliner first will to your Mistress go;
 You standing by, to her his wares will show;
 Shee'l your opinion ask, and something try,
 Then with a kisse intice you for to buy.
 Since I say her use it a long time may fit,
 'Tis very cheap, and shee hath need of it;
 Then if you say you can't so much expend,
 Shee'l bid you write for it unto some friend.
 Give her upon her birth-day what you will,
 When ere shee wants, that is her birth-day still;
 Or from her ear a Jewels dropt shee'l feign,
 And then you must buy one for her again.
 Shee'l borrow many things, yet none restore,
 Nor shall your loss of them gain favour more.
 Ten mouths, as many tongues too little are
 For mee the Arts of Harlots to declare.
 First let a Letter seal'd an entrance finde,
 Let your wax bear the impress of your mind:
 And let your Letter love expressions bear,
 To which you must add an imploring prayer.
 Arth' (55) Kings request *Achilles* did resend
Hector: and Heaven will to prayers bend.
 Promises hurt not you, then promise much,
 'T makes those that are not rich, seem to be such.
 Your Letter wins her, if shee credit it,
 Hope's a false Goddess, yet for you most fit.
 Give her not much, for fear that you should part;
 Shee onely gains then, thou the loser art.
 Bee alwaies giving, yet let nothing go,
 Swains are with barren soil deluded so:
 The ground will get, and hee bestows in vain;
 Until that lefs his greedy hands detain.

Her favour you may without gifts procure,
 If shee love *gratis*, it will long't indure.
 With handsome lines you must prepare her mind,
 First try if those will entertainment finde.
 A Letter wonn *Cydippe*, which was brought,
 And the poor Maid was with her own words caught.
 I'de have young men the liberal Arts to gain,
 They better may a Clients cause maintain.
 The Maids in 's favour pleasing looks will send,
 Whom the grave Judge and Senate do commend.
 To get applause, in learning strive t'excel:
 Let not your lips on tedious stories dwell.
 Who to his Mistress useth to declame?
 Ladies will oft-times long Epistles blame.
 Yet smoothe and taking words, a handsome stile,
 That shee may at your pleasing language smile.
 Doth shee your Letter back unread resend,
 Proceed and hope shee'l read it in the end.
 In time the sullen Steer will draw the Plow:
 The reigns in time the stubborn horse will bow:
 The Iron Clivies daily use will fret,
 And th' passive earth the crooked share doth whet;
 The softest drops by constant falling on,
 Will make impression on the hardest stone.
 Persist were shee *Penelope*, you'd gain,
 (57) *Pergamus* late, but yet at last was tane.
 Urge her not back again to write a line;
 'Tis grace enough if shee but look on thine.
 If once shee read, shee will write back, but these
 Great favours shee bestoweth by degrees.
 Perhaps her first Letter no pleasure brings,
 Bids you not trouble her with such fond things;
 But yet shee prays that you may fixt remain;
 Pursue, and fear not but you will obtain.

If you your Mistress on her bed espy,
 Thrown on her back, accost her privately,
 Be sure that none o're-hear, lest they defame,
 And add a scandal to your Mistress name.
 If in the porch you chance to spy her stay,
 Walk at a distance till shee go away:
 Sometimes before, sometimes behinde her go;
 Now you may walk apace, and then walk slow;
 When you shall overtake her, don't diffide,
 But go as close as may bee to her side;
 If shee to th Curved Theatre be gone,
 There follow her, observe what shee hath on;
 There you may boldly look on her attire,
 Commend her eyes, and every part admire;
 Applaud the fool that to a Wench doth start,
 And favour him that acts a Lovers part;
 When shee stands, stand, when shee sits, do not stir:
 And gladly spend the time in serving her;
 Do not use instruments to curl your hair,
 Neither your leggs with the rough Pumice wear.
 Those things provide, (58) which *Cybil* did devise
 Lamented, Sung to in the *Phrygian* guise:
 Neglected Modes become best, *Thesens* brought
 Away *Minois* not by Courtiers taught.
Phadra, *Hippolitus*, though rude, lov'd well:
Adonis, *Venus* care, ith' woods did dwell.
 Neatness delights, the fields will tan too much,
 Be sure your cloaths be handsome, without smutch;
 Keep your tongue smooth, and let your teeth be fair,
 Nor on your feet shooes that are too big wear;
 And then your hair in order neatly put,
 Let your beard by a skilful hand be cut;
 Look that your nails be clean, and keep them low,
 Nor let your hairs within your nostrils grow;

Your

Your breath if it corrupted be, perfume,
 Let not a Goatish lust your nose consume.
 Leave such like things for shameless Maids to use,
 And men that basely their own sex abuse.
 (59) *Liber* stiles mee his Poet, hee doth aid
 Lovers, and flames within himself hath made;
 (60) Poor *Ariadne* on the shoar complains
 of *Dia*, which the watery Sea contains.
 Starting from sleep, bare-leg'd, unlac'd her cloaths;
 Shee with neglected golden tresses goes.
 Shee cruel *Theseus* calls, him oft repeats,
 Whilst a fierce storm her tender body beats;
 Shee weeps and sighs, but yet shee's handsome still,
 Nor do incessant tears make her look ill.
 Now striking on her tender breast, quoth shee,
 False man, hee's gone, what will become of mee?
 When towards the shoar shee hears a Cymbal, and
 A Timbrel struck by a commanding hand;
 Amaz'd shee falls, is of all sense bereft,
 No blood is in her liveless body left.
 Lo (61) *Mimalonides* with careless hair,
 And Satyrs do before a God appear.
 Loe (62) old *Silenus* drunk, upon his Ass,
 Scarce sits, yet holding by the mane, doth pass.
 And whilst hee follows flying *Menades*,
 Hee on his dull beast with a cudgel layes;
 And tumbling down, beating his ears hee lies,
 Whilst the young Satyrs cry, Rise Father, rise.
 Next (63) comes the God himself up, who was born
 By Tygers, in a Grape-carv'd Chariot drawn.
 Speech, colour, *Theseus* left the heartless Maid,
 Thrice shee'd a fled, thrice by her fear was staid;
 As a strong wind the weakest stem doth stir,
 Or Reeds in madid fens, so fear shakes her.

To whom the God : Loe here's one that will bee
 More saft and, fear not, thou shalt marry mee.
 In Heaven I will feat thee 'mongst the Stars,
 Th' a Maid of *Greece*, shalt guide the Mariners.
 Thus said : lest that his beasts should her molest,
 The God leaps down, his feet the sand comprest :
 Then her, unable to resist, doth bring
 Folded in's arms, Gods may do any thing.
 Some *Hymen* sing, (64) others *Evabe* sed,
 So th' God and's Bride joyn issue in their bed.
 When you to *Bacchus* plenteous pots shall come,
 Having a Lady in your bed at home,
 (65) *Nyctelius* your Father beg to lend
 His aid, that Wine may not your head offend.
 You in a latent way may speak things so,
 That shee, 'tis onely her you mean, may know.
 Let sweet discourse wait on your Wine, that shee
 May Mistrefs of your Table chuse to bee;
 And that your flame may be acknowledg'd, you
 Must teach your looks as well as lips to wooe.
 First take the Cup, and kiss the very place,
 Which with her lips shee did in drinking grace;
 The meat her fair hand carves desire, and
 As you receive it, gently touch her hand.
 Let your care be to please her Father, such
 A friend will properate your business much;
 When you drink, first to him your cup direct,
 In keeping your head bare shew him respect;
 Whether hee bee your equal, or below,
 Yet still a like respect unto him show.
 Through friendship to deceive is saf't of all,
 Yet hee that so deceives is criminal.
 Many will too much liquor quaff, and think
 Others, 'cause they have done't, must as much drinke.

Observe to keep a mean in drinking so;
 Your tongue and feet their office best will know;
 Chiefly beware of quarrelling in Wine,
 For then your hands too much to blows incline.
 Through too much Wine *Enrution* fell to th'earth;
 Wine and a Banquet are most fit for mirth;
 Have you a voice, then sing, if nimble, dance;
 What pleasing part soe're you have, advance.
 Really drunk doth hurt, but so to feign,
 I think is good, if you cannot speak plain,
 Then if you speak, or do what is unfit,
 The Wine is judg'd to be the cause of it.
 Say th' man she'l sleep by shall most happy bee
 But pray not for him if shee means not thee.
 When Dinner's ended, and the Table's gone,
 An opportunity waits you upon.
 Step through the throng, your Mistress come close
 And foot by foot with her from th' Table go. (to
 Now is the time to speak, then fears prevent
Venus and Fortune aid the confident.
 Our Art can't Eloquence on you bestow,
 Onely endeavour't, and you shall bee so.
 You love must act, you feeling wounds must feign,
 By all means try a promise to obtain.
 Think no pains great, and say all lovely are,
 Though ne're so foul, some do esteem them fair.
 Oft a dissembler I have seen in love,
 What first hee feign'd, at length did real prove.
 Then Ladies use men kindly in the end,
 Their love proves true, which they at first pretend.
 With praises you may captivate her mind,
 So banks are with soft water undermin'd.
 Her face admire, her lovely hair commend,
 Her little slender foot, her dainty hand.

The

The chafteft Maids with praife delighted are;
 A Virgins beauty is her love and care.
 Th' two Goddeffes on *Ida* wo'nt appear,
 Becauſe they were not judg'd the faireſt there.
 (66) *Juno's* bird if commended ſpreads his train,
 Silent look on him, and hee'l cloze't again.
 Race-horſes for to have their manes lye ſtraight,
 And to be clapt upon their necks delight.
 Fear not to promiſe, promiſes will move,
 And call the Gods as witneſs to your love.
Jove from above laughs at Loves perjuries,
 Bidding *Aeolus* blow away ſuch toyes;
 For hee himſelf did falſly uſe to ſwear
 By *Styx* to *Juno*, his examples are.
 'Tis fit there ſhould be Gods, that wee ſhould know,
 And unto them accuſtomed honours do.
 To careleſs ſleep themſelves they do not give:
The Godhead ſees thee, therefore harmleſs live.
Reſtore what thou haſt borrowed, none delude,
Nor have thy hands in humane blood imbru'd.
 Falſhood to Maids only unpuniſht goes,
 Faith's leaſt aſhamed to be broke with thoſe.
 Cheat thoſe deceivers moſt of falſhood made,
 They oft fall into th' nets themſelves have laid.
Egypt is ſaid nine years t' have wanted Rain,
 And ſo long under parching drought had lain.
 When *Thraſim* to *Bufiris* coming, ſaid,
Jove's wrath muſt be with ſtrangers blood allay'd:
 To whom *Bufiris*: then ſhalt thou be ſlain
 A Sacrifice to *Jove* for *Egypt's* Rain.
Perillus in a red-hot Bull was laid,
 Which hee a torment had for others made;
 Both theſe were juſt, let death-inventers dye,
 And firſt thoſe torments made for others, try.

So let perfidiousness falseness prevent,
And women wrong'd, as they wrong us, lament.
Tears drop, for those a stony-heart will move,
By madid eyes let her perceive your love.
If tears (for at all times men cannot cry)
You want, with a wet finger rub your eye.
Wise men mix kisses with the words they speak,
If they'll not give, such things ungiven take.
But shee'll perhaps refuse, an anger feign,
Yet wishes her resistance be in vain.
Take heed that when upon her lips you seize,
To press them not too hard, lest it displease.
Who gains a kiss, and other sweets gets not,
Deserves to lose that kiss which hee hath got.
If after kisses pleasures wanting were,
It was thy clownishness, not bashful fear;
Forcing they tearm it, yet that force is sweet,
With it, against their wills, they gladly meet;
Shee that's of *Venus* will no rape forsake,
But let her wantonness full pleasure take;
And shee that may, yet doth untoucht depart,
Though shee seem glad, at it is sad at heart.
Both (67) *Phæbe* and her sister raviht were,
Yet they were grateful to their ravisher.
Here is a story that deserves my pen,
How the (68) *Æmonian* did the *Scyrian* win,
When *Venus* worthy such a prize to have,
On *Ida*, her unlucky (69) promise gave,
Which now a daughter doth to *Priam* fly,
And is receiv'd with welcomes into *Troy*.
All, to revenge the injur'd husband, swear
And each a part do in his sufferings bear.
Achilles at his Mothers base request,
Conceals his Sex, in womens cloaths is drest.

What

What dost *Æacides*? don't wooll desire,
 Titles of honour otherwaies acquire.
 Why doth thy target-arm those baskets wear?
 Why yarn, ith' hand must *Hector* kill, dost bear?
 Never into that hand a spindle take,
 Which onely should the Spear of *Peleus* shake.
 By chance in the same bed a Royal Maid,
 Who quickly found hee was a man, was laid:
 Shee by his force was overcome wee know,
 Yet shee was willing to be forced so.
 Oft when *Achilles* in the morn would rise,
 To set his distaff spear betwixt his thighs:
 Now where's that forcing, thou *Deidamia*,
 With flattering words thy ravisher wouldst stay?
 They'r bashful till th' have first receiv'd it, then
 Having once try'd, they must try't ore agen.
 Alas too much hee to his form doth trust,
 That doth expect his Mistress should speak first.
 First let the man approach her, and beseech,
 Ladies will hearken to a handsome speech.
 Speak if you would obtain, shee would bee askt,
 With words let your desires be unmaskt.
Jove suppliant went unto the Maids of old,
 Deny his sure no Virgin ever could.
 If you perceive her scorn at, and disdain
 Your prayers, forbear, from her a while abstain.
 They love what's not, at what is theirs they scoff,
 Take their disdain away by keeping off.
 Alwaies by courting her shee'l never bend,
 Sometimes go wait upon her as a friend;
 By such an action to obtain, I one
 To come neglected, go belov'd, have known.
 Merchants should not have feminine looks, but bee
 Made swarthy by the Sun, and storms at Sea.

It ill-becomes a Plow-man to look fair;
That turns *Joves* earth up with a crooked share.
You should not have a Ladies smooth-skind face,
That on your head would *Pallas* Chaplet place.
In Lovers, pining looks do most excel,
Though some say not, yet it becomes them well.
Pale-face't *Orion* in the woods did rove,
So (70) *Daphnis* lookt for gentle *Nais* Love.
Thin looks a Lover argue, sometimes wear
A sickly cap upon thy well cut hair.
Sorrows and griefs immense with watchings late,
Th' effects of Love young men attenuate;
That you may win, seem miserable, so
That all may say, there one in Love doth go;
Should I advise, complain, right, wrong allow,
Friendship and truth are dis-esteemed now.
Praise her not to a friend, lest he should prove
With her, beleeving your report, in Love,
Yet *Patroclus* ne're stain'd *Achilles* bed,
And (71) *Pirithous* from bate *Phedra* fled.
As *Phæbus*, *Pallas*, (72) *Hermion*, *Pylades*,
Or as the two Twins lov'd *Tyndarides*:
Who hopes the like, may look for Plumbs to grow
On Tam'rix, or that streams with hopy flow.
Baseness delights now, pleasure's all their care,
And those, to others griefs, obtained are.
O wicked! Lovers fear no open foe,
Shun whom you trust, and you may safely go,
Nor Brother, nor a friend confide in, just
Occasion they will give you to mistrust.
I've almost done what thoughts the Ladies raise,
Their several humours court their several waies.
No places for all grain convenient are,
That Vines, this Olives, others Corn will bear.

As

As many minds on earth as features known,
And a wise man prepares for every one.
As nimble (73) *Proteus* us'd transform'd to bee,
A Lion, now a Boar, and then a Tree.
Some fish with darts are caught, others with th'
And some within a hollow net are took. (hook,
One way will not with any age agree,
Far off old women your devices see.
If learn'd to th' rude you seem, or wanton to
The chaste, no more shee'l trust her self with you.
Hence 'tis they fearful, honest men forsake,
And oft th' imbrace of an inferiour take.
Some of my work's perform'd, some's to be made,
And here my ship is by her Anchor stay'd.

The End of the first Book.

Annotations

Annotations on the first Boock

O F

*Publius Ovidius Naso**De Arte Amandi.*

- (1) *Automedon* in) an expert Charioteer, the Son of *Dione* and servant to *Achilles*. *Virg. Æneid.* 2.

———— *equorum agitator Achilles*
armiger Automedon ————

(2) *Typhis* the *Æmonian*-ship) *Typhis* was Pilot to the first ship framed in Greece, called *Argo*, which transported the Princes *Jason*, *Hercules*, *Theseus*, *Castor*, *Pollux*, and the rest of the *Miny's* to *Colchus* to fetch the golden Fleece, called *Æmonian*, from Mount *Hæmus*, which divideth *Thessaly* from *Thrace*, from which Mountain *Thessaly* is often called *Æmonia*.

(3) *Phillyrides* to) *Chiron* the Centaur so called from his Mother *Phillyra*, hee (to omit the fable of his procreation) being grown up, retiring himself to the woods, to inquire into the nature of Herbs, became an excellent Physician; hee taught *Æsculapius* Physick, *Hercules* Astrology, and *Achilles*, besides many other things, to play on the Harp.

(4) Gods came) both *Cupid* and *Achilles*; *Cupid* from his Mother *Venus*, and *Achilles* from the Goddess *Thetis*.

(5) *Clio* nor) The Muses nine in number, begotten

by Jupiter upon *Mnemosyne*, whence they are called *Mnemosynides*, we finde them mentioned by many other names, as *Heliconides*, *Parnassides*, *Aonides*, *Citherides*, *Corycides*, *Pierides*, *Pegafides*, *Aganippides*, *Hippocrenides*, *Ilissiadet*, *Libethrides*, *Pimpleides*, *Castalides*, *Paeides*, *Ardalides*, *Maonides*, and *Sicelides*, all which names are attributed to them, either from their habitations, or from the places consecrate unto them. Their particular names are *Calliope*, a ravishing singer; *Erato* the Lovers Muse; *Thalia* from her flourishing Poetry; *Melpomene* from her delicate warbling, a Tragick Muse; *Terpsicore* from her delight in dancing; *Clio* the celebrater of famous actions; *Euterpe* the inventress of the Mathematicks; *Polyhymnia* from her vast memory, the Muse of History; *Urania* a heavenly singer, the Muse of Astronomy. *Hesiod. degenerat. Deorum.*

Ἐννέα θυγατέρες μεγάλης Διὸς ἐκγεγαυῶται,
κλειῶ τ', εὐτέρπητε, θάλειά τε, μελπομένητε,
τερψιχόρη τ', ἐρατώ τε, πολυμνία τε, οὐρανίη τε
καλλιόπη θ' ἡδὲ προφερέσσι τὴν ἄσπετον.

Which I english

Jove had nine Girls, Euterpe, Thalia,
Clio, Melpomene, Polymnia,
Erato; Urania, Terpsicore,
And 'bove the rest famous Calliope.

(6) *Ascrea Green*) a Plain in *Boeotia*, neer *Helicon*: such an expression hath *Propertius* in lib. 2. ad *Musam*.

Nondum etiam Ascreos norint mea carmina fontes.

(7) *Vitta* badge of modesty; and borders) a Linen Band or Fillet which the Vestal Nuns tye up their hair with: *Ovid* speaking of *Daphne's* chastity, *Met.* 3. saith,

— innumptaq;

—innuptaq; amula Phæbes,
Vitta coërcebat positos sine lege capillos.

—and æmulous of Phæbe chaste

The Vitta her neglected hair imbrac't.

For the borders, I take them to be the nether end of the gown, which *Sigonius* calls *Stola Cinctura astrictior*, denoting a modest woman.

(8) *Perseus Andromade*) *Andromade* was Daughter to *Cepheus*, and *Cassiope*, who for her Mothers pride, comparing her beauty with the Sea-Nymphs *Nereides*, was by the Nymphs taken, bound to a Rock, and exposed to a merciless Sea-Monster, yet notwithstanding was delivered by *Perseus*, who slew the Monster, and afterwards married her by the consent of her Parents. *Metam.* 4.

—generumq; salutant

Auxiliamq; domus, servatoremq; fatentur

Cassiope, Cepheusq; pater—

—*Cepheus* and *Cassiope* with joy Salute him for their Son, whom now they call The Saviour of their house, and of them all.

Perseus was begot by *Jupiter* upon *Danaë* Daughter to *Acrisius* King of the *Argives*, who being premonisht that his Grandchilde should kill him, shut his Daughter *Danaë* in a strong Tower, intending with her body to mure her womb up, and consequently avert his foredoomed fate, but when *Jupiter* in the form of a golden showre, had begotten *Perseus* upon her, shee with her Infant being in a small boat, committed to the Sea in expectation of inevitable destruction, were miraculously preserved; *Perseus* grown up, returned, and unfortunately slew his Grandfather.

(9) From *India* brought) *India tota ferme spectat O-*

C

rientem,

rientem, minus in latitudinem, &c. India (saith *Christus, lib. 8.*) lieth toward the East, containing more in longitude, than latitude; the North parts bee mountainous and hilly, but all the rest of the Land campaign: It hath many famous Rivers, which descending down from Mount *Caucasus*, make a delightful progress thorow the Countries. *Indus* is more cold than any other of the Rivers, whose water resembles the colour of the Sea. *Ganges* is the greatest of all, which running thorow the Southern Country, until meeting with the opposition of many Rocks and Precipeeces, his course is turned Eastwards, where it is swallowed up of the Red Sea. When other Countries be burned with the Sun, *India* is covered over with Snow; and when other places be frozen, the heat is there intolerable: for which appears no natural reason. The Elephants in this Country be bigger and stronger than those of *Africk*: The Rivers carry down Gold, and run smoothly along, and the Sea doth cast upon the shore both pearls and precious stones. *Stephanus* saith, the Trees are alwaies green, that the ground bears corn twice a year, that from hence comes *Pepper, Calamus Aromaticus, and Cynamon.* *Ælian lib. 1. Vari.* saith, their Pigeons are of a yellow colour.

(10) *Rome* affords) *Rome* the Metropolis of *Italy*, and most celebrated City of the whole world, of which *Virgil* in his first Egloge makes *Tyrrus* speak thus,

*Urbe[m] quam dicunt Romani Melibee putavi
Stultus ego huic nostra similem, &c.*

Engliſhed by Mr. Ogleby.

That City they call *Rome*, I did account
Fondly like this of ours, where Swains are wont
Yearly

Yearly with care to wean their tender Lambs;
 So I conceiv'd Whelps equal to their Dams,
 And judg'd that Kids were as their Mothers tall,
 So u'd I great things to compare with small:
 But shee above other Cities lifts her head,
 As o're the Shrubs the lofty Cedars spread.

It was called *Rome* from its founder *Romulus*, who built it on Mount *Palatine*, in a quadrangular form, which Mount hath ever since been the Seat of the *Romane* Emperors. It is called *Urbs Septi-collis*, from the seven hills on which it standeth, their names are these, the *Mount Palatine*, the *Capitolian Mount*, *Quirinus Mount*, the *Calian Mount*, the *Mount Esquilinus*, the *Mount Viminalis*, and the *Mount Aventine*. *Ovid. Trist. lib. 1.*

Sed qua de septem totum circumspicit orbem

Montibus imperii Roma Deniq; locus.

Rome, which from seven hills doth over-look
 The world, the Gods have for their Empire took.

See Romulus infra.

(11) On *Ida* a high Mountain that looks towards *Troy*, the North-side of it reaching from the Straits of *Abidos*, to the *Cyzycene* Fields in the *Propontis*, the West-side looks over the *Hellepont*, the South makes a Promontory, and the Eastern parts decline towards *Missia*. *Hom. lib. 8. Iliad.* saith, that the top of it is called *Gargarus*, where there is a Temple consecrate to *Jupiter*, and that it hath many Springs, and multitudes of wilde-beasts.

(12) *Lesbos* found) in *Methymna* a Town of *Lesbos*, so called from *Methymna*, the daughter of *Macharis*, are abundance of Vines; in this place the famous Harper *Orion* was born.

(13) Of her Son) of her Son *Æneas*, who with

some Sea-beaten Trojans arrived in *Italy*, where hee vanquished *Turnus*, and married *Lavinia*,

(14) *Leo* move) the Sun doth annually move, through the twelve signs of the *Zodiack*, whereof *Leo* is the fifth sign: in the celestial Globe represented by a Lion, into the first degree of which, the Sun enters on or about the twelfth of *July*, which then bears twenty degrees eleven minutes North declination from the *Æquinoctial* line. It is never seen of us here in *England*, but is fixt in that part of the *Ecliptick*, which extends it self over the *Ilands Cuba, Jamaica* and *Hispaniola* in *America*. It is often called the *Nemean* and *Herculean* Lion, because *Hercules* slew a Lion in the *Nemean* Forrest of an immense and prodigious greatness, which the Poets feign to be translated into the sign *Leo*.

(15) *Livies* Porch) the *Romans* had certain walks on the side of their *Delubrum* which they called *Porticus*, and in these places it was lawful to trade and conter of worldly occasions, amongst which was *Livia Porticus*, or *Livies* Porch, so called from *Titus Livius*, the most famous of all the *Roman* Historiographers.

(16) Where *Belides*) the fifty daughters of *Danaus* so called from their Grandfather *Belus*: with whom *Ægistius* the Brother to *Danaus*, desired to marry his fifty Sons, but *Danaus* understanding by Oracle that hee should be slain by his Son-in-law, refused, yet in the end being compelled thereto by *Ægistius*, hee consummates their marriages, but privately plots with his daughters to murder their fifty husbands well steeped with Wine in their marriage-beds: all which too too obedient to paternal authority, cruelly butchered their wretched husbands, except *Hy-*
permnestra

Hypermetra, who out of compassion spared her Husband *Lyncus*, who seeing his Brothers miserable destinies, slew *Danaus*, and invaded the Kingdom of the *Argives*.

(17) Bewail'd *Adonis* the Son of *Cypris*, King of *Cyprus*, and his daughter *Myrrha*, the darling of *Venus*, who whilst he was hunting in the *Idalian* Forest, was slain by a Boar, *Bion. Idylium 1.*

Κεῖται καλὸς Ἀδωνίς ἐπ' ἄρεσι μὲν ὀδόντι
 λευκῷ λευκὸν ὀδόντι τυπεῖς καὶ κύπριν χνίᾳ
 λεπτόν ἀποψύχων, τὸ δέ οἱ μέλαν εἵβεται ἄιμα
 χιονεῶς κατὰ σαρκόσ. Which I English,

Adonis fair doth on the Mountains lye,
 A white tush having peirc'd his whiter thigh,
Venus laments whilst hee expires, black gore
 Flows from his wound. And a little after.

Κεῖνον μὲν περὶ παῖδα φίλοι κύνες ὤρευσαντο,
 καὶ νύμφαι κλαῖουσιν ὄρειάδης ἅδ' Ἀφροδίτα.

The loving Hounds do howl about the Boy,
 The Mountain-Nymphs lament with *Venus* cry.

Whom *Venus* is said (*Metam. 10.*) to have turned into the flower called an Emony.

(18) *Niles* Heifer) *Jupiter* being in love with *Io* the daughter of *Anichus*, ravish'd her, but being surprized by *Juno* to conceal his theft, turned *Io* into a white Cow, which *Juno* begged and committed to the custody of *Argus*, who being slain by *Jove's* command, poor *Io* by *Juno* frighted, ran to the banks of the River *Nile*, where *Jove* commiserating her mis-hap, importuning *Juno*, returned her to her former shape. *Metam. lib. 1.*

De Bove nil superest, forma nisi candor in illa:

—————nothing now

But that pure white retains still of the Cow.

Shee after changed her name to *Isis*, and married *Osiris* in *Ægypt*, where shee was honoured for a Goddesse, and after that was deified at *Rome*. *Lucan. lib. 8.*

Nos in Templum tuum Romana recipimus Isis.

Into *Romes* Temples wee thy *Isis* took.

Where shee had a Temple built her in *Campo Martio*, the cause of whose ruine was this. A young Gentleman called *Mundus*, when hee could by no means entice the chaste *Paulina* to satisfie his lust, perswaded the Priests of *Isis* to say that they were warned by Oracle, that *Anubius* the God of *Ægypt* desired the company of the said *Paulina*, she thinking the Priests would not lye, and it being accounted anhonour to have to do with a God, was stuprated by *Mundus* in the Temple of *Isis*, under the name of *Anubius*, which hee after confessing, the Priests were put to death, the Temple beaten down, and the Image of *Isis* thrown into *Tyber*. *Lang. Chron. page 250.*

(19) The *Forums*) there were many *Forums* in *Rome*, of which chiefly three, *Forum Romanum*, *Forum Julium*, and *Forum Augustum*, which first was chief of all, and by way of excellency called the *Forum*, as if there were no other *Forum*: Round about this *Forum Romanum* were built Trades-mens shops, here was the *Comitium*, or Hall of Justice, the Oratours Pulpit, the Sanctuary, and several other stately Edifices.

(20) *Appias* plac'd) here *Pallas* is meant by *Appias*, but *Venus* and *Pallas* are both called *Appiades*, they had a Temple erected to them upon the *Appian* waters, neer to *Forum Caesaris*.

(21) *Curved Theatres*) places where Plaies and other

or her Shews were publickly acted, in form of a half Moon or Semicircle. *Martial. Spectt.*

*Quicquid in Orphio Rodope Spectasse Theatro
dicunt, exhibuit, Caesar, Arena tibi.*

What *Orphens's* find on *Rodope* to see,
Caesar the stage exhibits unto thee.

There were also places called *Amphitheatres*, which were in form of two *Theatres* joyned together in a full circle; upon this *Amphitheatre* did *Fencers* play their prizes, wilde-beasts were baited, and the *Gladiators* to exhilarate the *Citizens*, were miserably forced to butcher one another.

(22) *Romulus* deviledst) *Numitor* King of the *Albanes* in *Italy*, was expelled his Kingdome by his younger Brother *Amulius*, his Son *Lausus* slain, and his Daughter *Sylvia* to prevent all hopes of offspring to *Numitor*, consecrate by *Amulius* a Priest of *Vesta*, but being comprest by *Mars*, shee brought forth *Romulus* and *Remus*, which were by *Amulius* command, together with their Mother thrown into *Tyber*, but being found by the Shepherd *Faustulus*, were preserved, and nursed by his wife *Laurentia*; being grown up, they slew *Amulius*, and restored their Grandfather *Numitor* to his government; after whose death the brothers disagreeing, fell to arms, by which *Remus* was slain, and *Romulus* alone obtained the Kingdome. *Plut. in Rom.*

ΟΤΙ ΠΑΛΙΝ ΟΥΤΟ ΠΑΝΣ Η, ΠΑΡΟΥΛΑ ΧΕΥΤΙΣΤΗ.

Rome (saith *Aelian lib. 7. var.*) was built by *Remus* and *Romulus*: but *Florus lib. 1. cap. 1.* calls *Romulus* onely the builder of it, hee marked the foundation of the City wall with a plough, drawn by four white horses, according to *Propert. lib. 4. de Urbe Rom.*

Quatuor hinc albos Romulus egit equos,
Here *Romulus* did four white horses drive.

The City being built, *Senatus centum seniorum*, *qui pares dicti sunt, constituitur*, saith *Just. lib. 43.* Hee constituted a Senate, being a hundred of the Elder Citizens, which were called Fathers. Having thus stated his Government, hee desired that his souldiers might marry with the *Sabines*, bordering upon them, but was by the *Sabines* refused, whereupon, saith *Florus, lib. 1. Simulati equestribus, virgines, que ad spectaculum venerant, preda fuerunt*; hee deviled certain shows, which when the Virgins came to behold, they were made a prey, and seized upon by the souldiers.

(23) *Circus* of a large) the *Romans* had many places where they exhibited their plaies unto the people, the most remarkable was a great *Circus*, or Shew-place, called *Circus Maximus*, it was a large peece of ground lying neer that part of the *Aventine Mount*, where *Diana's Temple* stood. It was built by *Tarquinius Priscus*, with divers Galleries called *Fori* round about it, from whence the Senators and Gentlemen of the City did behold the running with great horses at the lists, the fire-works, tumbling, baiting, and chasing of wilde-beasts. The seats about this *Circus* were able to contain one hundred and fifty thousand persons. There was also another *Circus* upon the Hill called *Collis Hortulorum*, and this was the *Circus* or Shew-place of the Strumpet *Flora*, who made the people of *Rome* heir to those goods shee had gotten by prostituting her body to young Gentlemen. *God. lib. 1. Rom. Hist.*

(24) *Areva* sought) the *Amphisheatre*, called *Areva*,

rena, from its being scattered over with Sand or Gravel, that the blood of such as were slain in the place, might not make it too slippery for the combatants. *Martial. Spec.*

Præceps Sanguinea dum se rotat irfusus arena.

(25) Utmost Bounds) the Eastern Countries subjected to the *Romanes. Propert. lib. 3. to Augustus.*

—parat ultima terra Triumphos

Tigris & Euphrates sub tua jure fluent.

—Remote Lands Trophies show,

Tigris, Euphrates in thy Empire flow.

(26) *Crassus* rejoyce) *Marcus Crassus* a wealthy Roman, who being sent with an Army against the *Parthians*, himself, his Son, with eleven Roman Legions, were cut off and slain, and all their ensigns taken by *Surenæ* General of the *Parthian* Army; whose deaths were fully revenged by *Ventidius*, of whom *Corn. Gall.*

Qui nunc Crassorum manes, direptaq. signa

vindicat Augusti Caesaris auspitiis.

Who now for Ensigns lost, and *Crassus* slain,

With *Cæsars* fortune, full revenge hath tane.

(27) *Tyrinthius* did) *Hercules* so called from the City *Tyrinthia*, where hee was brought up, hee was the Son of *Jupiter*, begotten on *Alcmena*, whilst hee was in his Cradle, *Juno* sent two Snakes to destroy him, both which hee slew: hee was famous for performing many dangerous and Heroick enterprizes; amongst whose many labours I shall only mention this, that hee as yet but a youth, comprest the fifty Daughters of *Thespius* in one night, of whom he got fifty Sons called *Thespiades*.

(28) *Thyrsis* fear) a Spear or Javelin bound about with ivy, which was carried by the *Menades* or Priests

Priests of *Bacchus* at their Sacrifices which were performed every third year, in remembrance of his triennial expedition into *India*.

(29) Countries Fathers) the Senators which were called *Patres* or Fathers, *Cicero* calls them *Patres conscripti*, quia *Romulus*, qui *Senatores centum*, quos ab honore *patres appellavit*, conscripsit.

(30) Backward sling) the *Parthians* who were most excellent at the use of darts, with which they would seem to flye back on purpose to prejudice their enemies.

(31) *Euphrates*, *Tygris*) *Inter Tygrim & Euphratem tam uber & pinguis soli, &c.* betwixt *Tygris* and *Euphrates* (saith *Curtius lib. 5.*) the Land is so fat and fertile, that the Inhabitants are faine to drive their cattel from pasture for fear they should surfeit. *Salust* saith, they both *uno fonte manare in Armenia*, flow from one fountain in *Armenia*: but *Curtius* going on, saith, These two Rivers have their beginnings in the *Armenian Mountains*, where they be distant two thousand five hundred furlongs, and so run forwards, keeping their distance till they approach the confines of *Media* and *Gordia*, where they come more neer together, they compass round the Country called *Mesopotamia*, and so run through the confines of *Babylon*, into the Red-Sea.

(32) *Paris* the Goddeses) the three Goddeses *Juno*, *Pallas* and *Venus*, contending for priority of beauty (occasioned by a golden Apple, with this inscription upon it, This for the fairest) meeting with *Paris* upon Mount *Ida*, chose him for the decider of their controversie, who gave his vote for *Venus*.

(33) *Menalian Hound*) *Arcadian Hound*, *Menalus* being a very high Hill in that Country.

(34) *Biblis*

(34) *Biblis* who) shee fell in love with her own brother *Cannus*, whom shee so much importuned, that to avoid her, hee fled his Country, whom shee pursuing, was by the wood *Nymphs* turned into a fountain. *Met. lib. 9.*

*Sic lachrymis consumpta suis Phœbeia Byblis
Vertitur in fontem —*

Phebean Byblis by her tears consum'd,
Into a fountain turn'd. —

(35) *Myrrha* the Daughter of *Cyniras* King of *Cyprus*, who being enamoured on her Father, and by the assistance of her Nurse, obtaining the satisfaction of her lust, conceived and brought forth *Adonis*, for which shee was turned into a Tree, from whence distils a gum called Myrrh. *Metam. lib. 10.*

Flet tamen & tepida manant ex arbore gutta:

*Est honor & lachrymis, stillataq; cortice Myrrha
Nomen herile tenet. —* (pill,

Yet shee doth weep, the Tree warm drops doth
Honour in tears, Myrrh from the rinds distill,

Which bears her name —

(36) *Gnosfos* and *Cydon* the two most famous Cities in *Creet*.

(37) *Pasiphaë* was the Daughter to *Sol*, and Wife to *Minos* King of *Creet*, who falling in love with a Bull, was by the art of *Dædalus* inclosed in a wooden Cow, covered with a Cow's skin, by which means shee enjoyed her Bull, betwixt whom was begotten that monster called the *Minotaur*, which *Dædalus* inclosed in the Labyrinth where hee was slain by *Theseus*.

(38) Hundred Cities) *Creet* is said to have a hundred Cities in it, whence it had the Epithet of *Hecatompolis*.

(39) Now

(39) Now *Io* the daughter of *Inachus* whom *Jupiter* turned into a Heifer. *Vide supra.*

(40) Then *Europa* shee was the daughter of *Agenor*, with whom *Jove* being in love, transformed himself into the shape of a Bull, and carried her on his back through the Sea to *Creet*, where resuming his former shape, hee ravished her.

(41) Had *Cressa* to) *Aerope* called *Cressa* from *Creet*, who committing adultery with *Thyestes* her Husband *Atreus* brother, the children which were born to her by *Thyestes*, were slain by *Atreus*, and given to their Father to eat, at which horrid wickedness the Sun is said to have gone back to the morning. *lib. 2. de Trist.*

Si non Aeropen frater sceleratus amasset,

Conversos solis, non legeremus equos.

Had not *Thyestes* for *Aerope* burn'd,

Wee had not read how *Phobus* Carr return'd.

(42) *Nisus* daughter) *Scylla*, who stole her Fathers purple hair, upon which the fate both of himself and Kingdome did depend, and carried it to his enemy *Minos*, who besieged him, and after whom shee lusted, but being by him contemned, shee at his departure hung on the keel of his ship, where she was turned into a Lark, her Father *Nisus* was also turned into a Hobby betwixt whom hath ever since continued enmity.

(43) One *Scylla* *Circes* the daughter of *Phorcus*, whole nether parts the Witch *Circe* changed into grinning doggs, which shee not knowing how to restore, casting her self from a precipice, was turned into a Rock in the *Mamertine*-Sea, betwixt *Scicily* and *Italy*, destructive to Mariners.

(44) *Arrides* from all) *Agamemnon*, (so called from his

his Father *Atræus*, who having by Land avoided 2 thousand dangers in that long and desperate Siege at *Troy*; and afterwards escaping a threatening Shipwreck, the Sea being perturbed by an angry *Nep-tune*, returning safe home was slain at a Banquet by his wife *Clitæonestra*, and her Adulterer *Ægistus*.

(45) The bloody Mother) *Medea*, who by her charms furnishing *Jason* with the golden Fleece, was by him afterward married, to whom shee bore two Sons: but hee forsaking her, and marrying *Cræusa*, daughter to *Cræon* King of *Corinth*, the enraged *Medea* consumed *Cræusa* in her Pallace with enchanted fire, of which last *Jason* coming to take vengeance, shee before his face strangled her two Sons: her self flying to *Athens*.

(46) *Phœnix* *Aminors* Son) who by his Mothers advice having to do with his Fathers Concubine, was haunted by the Furies, and flying from his Fathers presence, and coming into *Thessalie*, was made *Achilles* Tutor.

(47) *Hippolitus* mad horses) the Son of *Theseus* and *Hippolita* the *Amazon*, who constantly resolving to live a single life, in his Fathers absence, was solicited by his Mother-in-law *Phædra*, whose lust he repudiating, was by her accused to his Father, from whose anger flying, hee was torn to peeces by the horses that drew his Chariot, and was buried in *Diana's* grove. *Fæst. lib. 3.*

Hic latet Hippolitus loris disceptus equorum,

Unde nemo nullus illud aditur æquis.

Here lies *Hippolitus* by horses slain:

Whence no horse ere came in that grove again.

(48) Doting *Phineus*) the Father of *Oryctus*, and *Crambus*, whose eyes hee put out; perswaded there-

to

o by his second wife *Idea*, for which his own eyes were after pluckt out by the Furies.

(49) *Iliou* when sad) *Troy* so called from *Ilus* the son of *Iros*, which being begirt with *Gracian* souldiers, and by them reduced to extremities, did render them more sorrowful, and consequently much more watchful and vigilant; but the *Greeks* feigning a departure, left a wooden-horse, of an immense and prodigious greatness, whose belly was lined with souldiers: the *Trojans* joyful of their departure, and beleeving this to be the gift of *Minerva*, with Ropes drew the vast bulk into the City. *Virg. Æneid. 2.*

— *circum pueri innuptaq; puellæ
Sacra canunt, funemq; manu contingere gaudent.*

— Boys, Virgins, round about

Glad touch the Ropes, and sacred hymns chant out.

In the night the souldiers coming out of the horse, opened the gates to their confederates, which were then returned, slew the *Trojans*, and set the City on fire.

(50) And *Pleiades*) the seven stars feigned to be the seven daughters of *Atlas*, their names are, *Elestra*, *A'cione*, *Celano*, *Maia*, *Asterope*, *Taygete*, and *Merope*, which last is hardly to be discerned, the reason is, because six of them married each one a God, but *Merope* married a Mortal, for which shee hath ever since absconded her self; they are placed betwixt the mouth of *Taurus*, and the tail of *Aries*, and cause Snow in Winter, according to *Lucan. l. 5.*

— *jam sparsat Æmo
Bruma nives, gelidoq; cadens Atlantis Olympo.*

— Now with Winters Snow

The *Pleiades* did *Æmus* top bestrow.

(51) Goat

(51) Goat is swallowed) *Capricornus* or the Goat is one of the twelve signs, and the watery *Tropick*, being the farthest limit of the Sun's course Southward, the *Æquator*; which entring makes the Winter quarter, and turns his course again to the *Æquinoxial*.

(52) *Allia* before) a River flowing from the *Crusstamenian* Mountains in *Hetruria*, where the Romans were overthrown and slain by *Brennus*, Captain of the *Gauls*: hence they used to call an unlucky day *dies allienfis*.

(53) Feast begin) the Feast of the Passeeover which the *Jews* kept on the fourteenth of the month *Nisan*, which month containeth part of *March*, and part of *April*, by us now called *Easter*.

(54) Man of *Palestina*) *Moses*, by whose mouth the Lord commanded the Feast of Passeeover should be kept in remembrance of his passing over the houses of *Israel*, and destroying the first-born of *Ægypt*; *Ovid* calls him the man of *Palestina*, because hee died on Mount *Abarim*, which is a Hill, (saith *Josephus. lib. 4. cap. 8. Antiq.*) neer *Jericho*, *Palestina* containeth *Judea*, *Samaria*, and *Galiæa*.

(55) Kings request) *Achilles* at the humble request of King *Priam*, did restore the dead body of *Hector* whom hee had slain, and dragged his carcase in *Triumph*. *Hom. Iliad. 24.*

(56). A Letter won) *Cydippe*, a noble young Lady of transcendent beauty, whom young *Acontius* being in love with, and fearing a repulse, because hee both in birth and fortune was interiour to her, devised this means to obtain her; as shee sat in *Diana's* Temple, hee threw an Apple with this Inscription. *Aristan. lib. 1.*

Μὴ τὴν Ἀρτεμὶν Ἀκοντίῳ γαμήσῃ,

By *Diana* I will marry *Acontius*.

Which shee taking up and reading, at unawares promised her self to him, after which time whensoever shee went about to marry another, shee was cast into a dangerous disease by the offended Goddess *Diana*, which her friends at last understanding, married her to *Acontius*.

(57) *Pergamus* late) a high Tower in *Troy* from which the whole City is called *Pergamus*, which City (saith *Dares de excidio Tro.*) after ten years, eight months, and twelve daies siege was taken by the *Grecians*.

(58) Which *Cybil* did) There were (saith *Ælian. lib. 12. Nar.*) ten *Cybil*s, one of which was *Phrygian Cybil*, shee first invented the Tabor and Pipe, the Cymbal and Timbrel: shee was called *Mater Deorum*, or the Mother of the Gods, and was worshipped at *Berecynthia*, a Town in *Phrygia*, of which *Catul. 64.*

———*Sequimini*

*Phrygiam ad domum: Cybelles Phrygia ad nemora deæ,
Ubi Cymbalum sonat vox, ubi Tympana reboant.*

———Follow

To th' *Phrygian* Grotto, Goddess *Cybil*s shade,
Where Cymbals sound, and where the Timbrels

(plaid.

Her Priests were enjoyned to geld themselves with a Fish-shell, whose manner of worship was thus: *A Phrygian* man and woman apparrelled in particoloured garments after the manner of their Country, carried their Goddess Picture about, beating their breasts, and miserably howling, after whom followed others playing on Tabors, Pipes, and Cymbals.

(59) *Liber*

(59) *Liber* stiles mee) *Bacchus* so called, either because (as *Plutarch* saies) *pro Bæotia libertate pugnavit*, hee fought for the liberty of *Bæotia*, or because with Wine hee exhilarates men, and frees them from solicitous cares.

(60) Poor *Ariadne*) the daughter of *Minos* and *Pasiphae* whom *Theseus* taking out of *Creet* forsook: leaving her disconsolate on the shoar of *Dia*, an Island in the *Aegean*-Sea, one of the *Cyclades*, upon whom being gone, shee thus complains in *Caïnus*;

Siccine me patriis abvectam, perfide, ab oris,

Perfide deserto liquisti in littore Theseu?

Siccine discedens, &c. Which I translate,

False *Theseus*, was I from my Country took

Thus on a forein shoar to be forsook?

Thus, all the Gods neglected, dar'st thou go,

Thy perjuries attending on thee so?

Alas! could nought avert thy cruel mind,

My sorrow in thee no compassion finde?

Thy cruel breast not pity my estate?

Ah! thou before ne're mention'd such a fate.

Thou bid'st mee never look for such a thing,

But joyful wedlock, and wisht Hymen sing.

Which of no force sleight winds away do bear:

Let women ne're beleeve men when they swear.

(61) Loe *Mimalonides*) the *Menades*, or furious Priests of *Bacchus*.

(62) Old *Silenus*) the Foster Father to *Bacchus*, who was alwaies wont to ride upon an Ass.

(63) The God) *Bacchus*, the inventor of Wine, who by the *Thracians* was worshipped for a God, it being the custome of old amongst the Heathens to deifie the inventers of things.

D

(64) Others

(64) Others *Evohe sed*) an exclamatory noise which the *Menades* were wont to use in praise of *Bacchus*.

(65) *Nyctelius*) *Bacchus*, so called from his feasts, which were performed in the night. *Æneid*. 4.

————— *Nocturnusq; vocat clamore Cytheron.*

(66) *Juno's Bird*) the Peacock, whose train shee beautified with her heardisman *Argus* his hundred eyes. *Metam.* lib. 1.

*Excipit hor, volucrisq; sua Saturnia pennis
Collocat, & gemmis caudam stellantibus implet.*

Yet that those starry Jewels might remain,
Saturnia fixt them in her Peacocks train.

(67) *Phæbe* and her) *Phæbe* and her sister *Elaira* the daughters of *Lencippus*, ravished by *Castor* and *Pollux*.

(68) The *Æmonian*) *Achilles* so called from his Country of *Thessaly*: the *Scyrian* is meant by *Deidamia* daughter to *Lycomedes* King of *Scyros*, an Isle in the *Ægean-Sea*, on whom *Achilles* habited in womens apparel, begot *Pyrrhus*.

(69) Promise gave) *Hellen* the fairest of all *Greece*, whom *Venus* promised to *Paris*, which being given, was the ruine of not onely himself, but all *Troy*.

(70) *Daphnis* lookt) a youth of *Sicily*, the inventor of *Bucolick* verse, in love with the Nymph *Nais*.

(71) *Pirithous* from) the son of *Ixion* joyned in a firm league of friendship with *Theseus*, whose wife *Phædra* soliciting him to lust, hee refused out of respect to his friend.

(72) *Hermione* *Pylades*) *Pylades* was so faithful a friend to *Orestes*, that when *Thoas* King of *Taurica* had designed to sacrifice *Orestes*, hee affirmed himself to be *Orestes*, that hee might dye for his friend:
whose

whose wife *Hermione* hee entirely loved, because she
so nearly related to his friend.

(73) *Proieus* used) a Sea-deity, the Son of *Ocea-
nus* and *Thetis*, the Poets teign that hee could trans-
form himself into what shape hee pleased. *Me-
tam.* 8.

*Nam modo te Juvenem, modo te videre Leonem,
Nunc violentus aper, nunc quem te rigisse timerent
Anguis eras, modo te faciebant corona taurum,
Sepe lapis poteras, arbor quoq; saepe videri.*

Which I english,

One while a youth, a Lion then appear,
Now a fierce Boar, a Snake now, which they fear
To touch, now horns shew thee a Bull to bee:
A Stone th' art oft, and oft-times turn'd a tree.



The second Boock
OF
Publius Ovidius Naso
De Arte Amandi.

The Argument.

*Dædalus flight from Creet, Icarus fate,
No love can Philtra's, or fond charms create.
Rude language fits not love. Lady's must find
Subsequent servants, neither storms nor wind
A Lover must retard, how to commend
A Lady's imperfections, and pretend
Her faults are handsome: make her think them so.
All hazards for her sake to undergo.
Loves secrets must be kept so, Ovid saies,
Ending this second Boock with his self-praise.*

Sing (1) *Iô Paan*, twice *Iô Paan* sing,
My wisht-for prey caught in my nets I bring.
Bayes to my Verse the Jovial Lover deems,
And mee before (2) th' *Meonian* man esteems.
Such was the (3) *Priameian* that prevail'd,
And with his fair prize from *Amycla* sail'd.
Such was the man that in his Chariot run,
And with the course fair (4) *Hippodamia* won.
Whither so fast young man & thy ship doth steer
Ith' midst of th' Sea, no wisht-for Haven neer.
'Tis not enough to finde thy Mistress, shee
Py Art is got, must so continued be,

It is as much to keep, as to acquire,
 In that is danger, this must Art inspire.
Venus and *Cupid* smile, if ever now,
 And thou *Erato* to whom Lovers bow.
 Great things Ile sing, how love may constant prove,
 And th' Boy which all about the world doth rove,
 Hee's light, hath wings wherewith the Air to cut
 And bounds to them, 'tis very hard to put.
 Though (5) *Minos* do all means of scape deny
 A desperate way *Dadalus* found ith' Skye.
 When hee included had within his fraine
 The *Semiox* and Man, the Mothers shame.
 Hee said just *Minos* my exile prefer
 Let my own Country these my bones inter,
 Driven from thence by a sad fate, where I
 Could never live, O suffer mee to dye.
 O let this Boy return, though I've no grace,
 If not the Boy, pity my aged face.
 Such words he spoke, such might he speak and more,
 But no return could from the King procure.
 Which when hee sees, now *Dadalus*, saith hee,
 Th' hast matter for thy ingenuity.
 Both Sea and Land *Minos* possesseth so,
 There is no way by Sea or Land to go.
 Let's flye through Aire that only open lyes,
Jove pardon my presumptuous enterprize.
 I don't affect to touch the Starry Seat,
 For mee to flye there is no way but that.
 Let mee pass *Stryx*, through *Stryx* my journey take,
 For that my nature will immortal make.
 Distress exiles our wills, who'd think men might
 Through the *Aërial* passages take flight.
 Hee doth the wings of Birds in order place,
 Hee doth his work with packthread enterlace.

The quills in fire-softened wax were wrought :
 Thus this new work was to perfection brought.
 The Boy did touch the wax, at th' feathers smile,
 Ignorant they were made for's shoulder, while
 His Father saies, wee with these sayls must try,
 To gain our Country, and from *Minos* flye.
Minds all passages but the Aire hath shut,
 By my invention wee that Air must cut.
 Neither (6) *Boötis*, nor *Orion* bold,
 Or the *Tegean* Maid, do thou behold.
 Follow mee with thy wings, before thee I
 Will go, keep close and thou shalt safely fly.
 If wee too neer unto the Sun shall soar,
 Our wings will melt, and not the heat endure,
 Or if too low, and neer the Sea wee toyl,
 The humid vapours will our feathers spoil.
 Keep in the midst O Son, the winds beware,
 Strike prosperous sails which way so'ere they bear.
 Whilst hee doth sit them, hee instructs the Boy,
 Just as old Birds do teach the young to fly.
 Then his own plumes hee on his shoulder tyes,
 And trembling doth for th' flight his body poize.
 Ready to soar, just now hee kist his Boy,
 And let a Fathers tear steal from his eye.
 There was a little hill did over-look
 The Plain, from which a desperate flight both took.
Dædalus flies, yet evermore looks back,
 And flagg, that *Icarus* may overtake.
 Now the new Journey pleaseth, fear's put by,
 And daring *Icarus* doth boldly fly.
 These were espy'd by Anglers, who forsook
 Their Rods, themselves to speedy flight betook.
 (7) *Samos* and *Naxos* did with *Peros* stand,
Delos the (8) *Clarians* love on their left hand.

At th' right (9) *Lebinthus* and *Calydna's* wood,
 With Ponds well stor'd *Astipalia* stood.
 When the rash Boy another way will chuse,
 Soares up, and quickly doth his father loose.
 Wax melts, and threeds grow slack, a God too nigh:
 Nor longer with the wind his arms can fly.
 Amaz'd, from high into the deep looks where
 Black night was risen to augment his fear.
 The wax consum'd, hee his bare arms doth shake,
 Trembling, hath nothing whereon hold to take.
 Hee fell, crying Father, Father, as hee went,
 And there the water did his speech prevent.
 Th' unhappy Father *Icarus* doth cry,
Icarus, where art, saith hee, where dost thou fly?
Icarus? and then ith' waves his wings hee spies,
 His name ith' Sea, ith' earth his body lyes.
Minos could not a Mortals flight restrain,
 Yet I will make a flying God remain.
 Hee that doth use (10) *Aemonian* Arts is gull'd,
 Or gives what hee from a Colts fore-head pull'd.
Medea's herbs will not make love keep warm,
 Nor poisons mixt drunk with a Magick charm.
Jason with *Phasias*, *Ulysses* should remain
 With (11) *Circe*, if that spells could love obtain.
Philtra's to Maids it is in vain to give,
 It wrongs their sence, doth them to madness drive.
 Such wickedness abhor, indearing be
 More than thy beauty, 'twill advantage thee:
 Though lovely *Nireus* do old *Homer* please,
 And (12) *Hylas* ravish't by the *Naidēs*.
 To keep your Mistress, don't your self admire,
 The gifts of Nature those of Art require.
 Beauty is frail, in time it will decay,
 And with our youthful age it flies away.

Nor Violets, nor Lillies ever grow :
 Nor do pluckt Roses alwaies lovely show.
 Fair youth, gray hairs are coming on thee now,
 And wrinkles will thy face with furrows plow.
Frame a good mind, the form of that maintain,
which will unto thy utmost day remain.
 To deck your neck with Jewels, don't desire :
 Two languages at least you must acquire.
 Not fair, but eloquent *Ulysses* was,
 And yet the Sea-Nymphs would his love imbrace.
 At his return how did (13) *Calypso* wail ?
 And ever made the Sea unfit for sail.
 Shee oft-times would intreat him to relate,
 Because hee spoke so well, the *Trojan* fate.
 O'th' shoar they stood, where fair *Calypso* would
 have the *Odryssians* bloody acts retold.
 Hee had a slender Rod in his right hand,
 And what shee asks, hee draws upon the Sand.
 This's *Troy*, saith he, which mighty walls inclose,
 This is (14) *Simois*, these my tents suppose.
 This is the field where (15) *Dolons* death was wrought
 Whilst th' watch expects th' *Aemonian* horses brought.
 There stood *Sithonian Rhesus* tents, that night
 I came with th' captive horses from the fight.
 More hee would have drawn out when suddenly
 A wave doth wash away both tents and *Troy*.
 Then th' Goddess saies, what hope for thee is found ?
 Dost see what mighty names the Sea hath drown'd ?
 Therefore, whoe're you be, do not begin
 To trust to shapes, have Substances within.
 A milde behaviour very much will take,
 When boisterousness, hate and dissention make,
 Wee loathe the Kite, that doth sharp talons keep,
 And Wolves, that use to fright the fearful sheep.

The

The gentle Swallow no man strives to take,
 But in what place shee will, her nest may make.
 Hence all contentions, hence a bitter tongue,
 Soft and sweet language doth to love belong.
 The wives their husbands, husbands wives forsake
 Through strife, things ill at one another take.
 Wives have a gift to chide, they'l not forbear :
 None but sweet language let your Mistris hear.
 Law hath not you unto one bed confin'd,
 But doth allow your love reward to finde.
 Court her with praises, such do please her ear :
 Then shee'l bee alwaies glad when you appear.
 To rich men I need not my skill impart,
 They have no need of mee, nor of my Art.
 Hee's witty that saies take it, that same man
 Will do much more than my invention can.
 Poor Lovers I instruct, my self lov'd poor,
 When gifts I could not, words I gave her store.
 Let such love wisely, how to speak take care,
 Such things as rich men will not, they must bear.
 I angry, once my Mistris locks did move,
 How many daies that anger lost her love !
 I don't beleeve't, but yet shee said that I
 Did tear her Gown, made mee a new one buy.
 If you bee wise, example take by mee,
 Avoid offences that so costly be.
 Peace with your Mistris, war with *Parthians* make,
 Sport or speak any thing you think will take.
 If you your Mistris strange, uneasie finde,
 Persevere still, in time shee will prove kinde.
 Crook'd bows will bend, if leisurly you try,
 But if too rash, they will in peeces fly.
 With easie stroaks a River may be crost,
 But if you strike too fast, i' h' stream y'are lost.

Lions

Lions and Tygers are made tame by wit,
 Steers by degrees will to the yoke submit.
 Who love did more than (16) *Atalanta* shun?
 Yet by the merits of a man was won.
 'Tis said (17) *Melanion* 'cause his Wench detain'd
 Her promit'd love under a tree complain'd.
 Oft on his shoulders hee his Nets would bear,
 Oft in the Cruel Boar would fix his Spear.
 Wounded hee sees *Hyleus* Bow well strung,
 Better known whilst it did to him belong.
 I do not bid haunt the *Menalian* grove,
 Nor with your Nets upon your shoulders rove.
 Nor do I bid you with your breast a Dart
 Oppose, 'tis easie to perform my Art.
 To overcome, you must not her withstand:
 Bee sure to act what parts shee shall command.
 What shee rejects, reject, if shee, allow;
 What shee saies, say; what shee denies, do thou;
 If shee laugh, laugh; but if shee weep, weep too:
 As shee her looks disposeth, so must you.
 If any time shee play with you at (18) Dice,
 You must throw ill, let her's be her own choice.
 Play for no more than you would gladly lose,
 And then let yours be alwaies losing throws.
 Or if at ches your man might safely pass,
 Let him be taken by his (19) foe of glass.
 Carry her fan in one hand all along,
 And with the other lead her through the throng.
 Bee not asham'd to hand her to (20) her bed,
 Set by, or reach her shooes, as shee has need.
 Oft-times you may, then do not fearful stand,
 But in your Mistrefs bosome warm your hand.
 Think it not base (for though it bee 'twill please)
 By holding of her glass, her arms to ease.

He

Hee that in peeces did the Serpents tear,
 That Heaven deserv'd, which he (as) before did bear,
 A basket 'mongst th' *Ionian* Maids did use,
 And for to card their wooll, would not refuse.
 These for his Mistress did the *Horae* do,
 And will you scorn such things to undergo?
 If shee say come to th' *Forum*, her obey,
 Go sooner than shee bids, and longer stay.
 If shee say to you, go, meet such a one,
 Hasten, other things defer, be stay'd by none.
 If in the night shee from a banquet come
 And call you, you must wait upon her home.
 If shee ith' Country call, love hates the slow,
 On foot, if th' hast no Coach nor horses, go.
 Neither let Summers heat your journey stay,
 Nor Winters Snow driven along the way.
 Love is a kinde of war, cowards away,
 Loves Ensigns are not born by such as they.
 Night, winter, long waies, dolorous events,
 All labour's undergone in these soft tents. (fly,
 Oft storms from high pitch'd clouds on you shall
 Oft you must cold upon the bare ground lye.
Cynthis is said *Admetus* beasts to keep,
 That hee each night in a poor Coat did sleep.
 What *Phaebus* taught who will not, leave disdain
 Whoe're you bee that would have love remain,
 If to approach her, thou no safe way hast,
 With an opposing lock the door made fast.
 Your self down to her from the wide roof let,
 Or else a passage through some window get.
 Shee will reioyce to see you undertake,
 (Sure marks of love) all dangers for her sake.
Leander oft without his Wench could bee,
 Yet hee did swim for her his Love to see.

Lct

Let not the servants shame their place to know,
 Nor be asham'd great with those Maids to grow.
 Each by her name (no loss to you) salute,
 And humbly beg them to assist your lute.
 You must, as your estate allows, to all
 Her servants at some times be liberal.
 Reward that Maid to whom shee doth confesse,
 Whose hand doth her in the *French* garment dresse.
 Trust mee, make all of them your own, but more
 Especially gain him that keeps the door.
 I do not bid you costly gifts present,
 But sleight ones, yet such as will her content.
 When Corn is ripe, and Orchards ponderous are,
 Then let a Boy fruit in a Basket bear.
 Say those unto you out of th' Country came,
 Although by th' way for her you bought the same.
 Carry her Grapes in clusters, that do swell,
 Or Nuts which *Amarillis* lov'd so well.
 A Throssel sent, or a green Chaplet will
 Show, that to her your love is lasting still.
 Rich Gifts consume men, which old age will rue,
 They that are too profuse themselves undo.
 To write her verses I would teach you how,
 But they (alas) are dis-esteem'd now.
 Verse they commend, but Riches they respect,
 Rich men they will, though ne're such clowns, accept.
Now is the golden age, honours are gain'd,
And Ladies loves, by heaps of gold obtain'd.
 If *Homer* should, attended by his Muse,
 Come hit her without Gold, they'd him refuse.
 Some Ladies learned are, although but few,
 And others that are not, would seem so too.
 Let your verse both extol, then also will
 The Reader with kind words commend your skill.
 Each

Each of those Ladies will your verte esteem,
 And it to such may a sleight present seem.
 You may contrive for your advantage so,
 That what you would do, shee injoyne you to.
 If you are bound to set a servant free,
 Let him from her request his liberty.
 If you release him, shee's oblig'd to you,
 For granting that which you were bound to do.
 She hath the praise, you the advantage, use,
 Contrive that she may have, and you not lose.
 Whoe're would have his Mistress love remain,
 That he is ravisht at her looks must feign.
 If she wear *Tyrian*, *Tyrian* wear commend,
 It *Coan*, that becomes her best pretend.
 If cloath of Gold, say you that wear best love,
 If she have courser on, courser approve.
 If bare-neckt, say she sets your heart on fire :
 But that she take no cold thereby desire.
 Is her hair parted, praise the parted hair,
 And say, the locks that she hath curl'd are fair.
 Her dancing praise, her singing voice admire :
 Complain when her Air-sweetning notes expire.
 Honour that company, and that thing commend
 Which she loves, let your words on hers depend.
 If she more cruel than *Medusa* were,
 Such praises will to love incline her ear.
 Yet do not counterfeit apparently,
 Nor let your countenance your words deny.
 Hid Art will profit, sham'd if seen it makes,
 And future credit from your language takes.
 In *Autumn* when the year is fairest found,
 And the full Grape doth with red Wine abound :
 When th' seasons sometimes hot, and sometimes
 Bodies do not in constant temper hold. (cold,
 My

May she be well; but if upon her bed,
 She lye by th' unkinde Aire distempered,
 Then manifest your love to her, then sow
 What you may after with your sickle mow.
 No loathe in you of her disease be found,
 What shee would have with your own hands com-
 Before her weep, to kisse conceive no fears, (pound.
 And let her dry lips drink your dropping tears;
 Promise her any thing in that estate,
 To make her merry pretty dreams relate.
 Make the old woman that doth dress the rooms,
 Burn in her trembling hand, some choice perfumes.
 And let your grateful care in all things go,
 Many their Mistres beds have come to so.
 Hate for such offices you will not gain,
 Then with sedulity 'bout her remain.
 No meats or broths give her that bitter are,
 But may your rival for her such prepare;
 Those sails with which you from the shore do put,
 Must be rane down when deeper Seas you cut.
 By exercise love strengthens when 'tis young,
 And if it's cherisht, will in time grow strong.
 You fear the Bull with which a Calf y^e have plaid,
 You under th' tree which was a sprig are laid.
 A River small at first, and bigger grows,
 Receiving water that into it flows.
 Inure your self to any thing that will
 Obtain your Mistres, be it ne're so ill.
 Incline her ear, be alwaies in her sight,
 Present your self before her day and night.
 But when your language findes beleef in her,
 Your frequent visits for some time defer.
 A field made fallow, will afford more grain,
 So ground long parcht drinks up descending Rain,
Phy 816

Phyllis indifferently did *Demophoon* love,
 Until it^h Sea she saw his sails to move.
Penelope laments *Ulysses* stay,
 So for (22) *Phyllacides*, *Laodamia*.
 Absent not long, lest time should cure her pain,
 Make her old Loves forget, new entertain.
Hellen (her husband absent) could not rest
 Alone, but lodg'd in a warm strangers breast.
 What madness *Menelaus* was't to leave
Sparta, whilst strangers did thy wife receive.
 Who trusts a Dove unto a Hawk to keep,
 Or to a Mountain Woolf a flock of Sheep?
Hellen no crime, no crime did *Paris* know,
 He did what thou or any else would do.
 Thou by occasion didst thy self abuse,
 For whose advice but thine did *Hellen* use?
 A (23) well-bred stranger's come, her husband's
 What should she do? she durst not lye alone. (gone,
 See *Menelaus*, *Hellen* I acquit,
 She did but make use of a benefit.
 Neither's the sandy Boar more cruel found,
 When with his tusks he at the Doggs turns round.
 Nor th' Lioness which to her whelps gives suck,
 Nor the small Viper by some rash foot struck:
 Then th' wife that in her husbands bed doth finde
 A pretty Wench: her looks express her mind.
 To fire and sword she flies, shame doth not know:
 Born like an Arrow from th' (26) *Aonian* Bow.
 This will the firm, the best knit-love divide,
 Such crimes as these, to wise men are deny'd.
 (25) *Phasias* most barbarously her own sons destroies,
 For to revenge their Fathers perjuries.
 Such a Dire Mother hath (26) yon Swallow been,
 And still her blood may on her breast be seen.

I bid not Ladies onely one bed know,
 Young wives can hardly be contented so.
 Use (27) stoln delights, but let them be conceal'd,
 No credit's got by such a crime reveal'd.
 Give no reward, lest any should it see:
 Nor let your pleasures at a set time be.
 Suspiciously let none espy you set,
 Nor must you often in one place be met.
 And when you write, peruse that writing well:
 Some understand more than the Letters tell. (tain
 Wrong'd love sharp darts will send, just wars main-
 She that erewhile did grieve, makes you complain.
 Whilst one *Atrides* lov'd, that one was true,
 When he was criminal, she was so too.
 She hears how *Lawrels* were in garlands born,
 And how to (28) *Chrysis* she was made a scorn.
 She heard the troubles 'bout (29) *Lyrnefis* made,
 And how the war was a long time delay'd.
 She heard of these, but did the *Trojan* see:
 How th' Victor would his captives captive be.
 So she *Agstus* doth her Lover make,
 Such a revenge did fair *Tyndaris* take.
 If any should your privacies make known,
 Though manifest, you may the fact disown.
 Be not too much dejected, nor exceed
 Too much in mirth, it will suspicion breed.
 Spare not to speak, favour by that is gain'd,
 And Love by often meeting is obtain'd.
 There are that teach th' effects of herbs to prove,
 But in my judgement those things poison love.
 Pepper with (30) biting Nettle-seed they bruise,
 With (31) yellow Pellitory Wine infuse.
 The Goddes with no such things love compels
 That under th' shady hill of (32) *Eryx* dwells.

Eat the white Skalion from (33) *Pelasgus* sent,
 Or garden herbs, which will not love prevent.
 Or Egge, or Honey which on *Hymettus* flows,
 Or th' Apple Which upon the Pine-tree grows.
Erato, why dost thou to *Magick* turn?
 A neerer way my Chariot wheel will run.
 You that by my advice your own conceal,
 By th' same advice may others thefts reveal.
 Blame not my levity, alwaies with one wind,
 The bending Keel doth not a passage finde.
 Sometimes the North, sometimes the Eastern gales,
 Oft South, oft West-winds swell the linen sails.
 The Charioteer doth now let slack his rein,
 Anon hee curbs his horses in again.
 There's some that will indulgencies abuse,
 Though they no rival have, their Mistress loose :
 Hearts in prosperity more lofty are,
Blessings 'tis hard, with equal minds to bear.
 So strength doth by degrees the fire forsake,
 On which the Ashes do a covering make.
 But yet the heap turn'd o're new fire burns :
 Extinguist flames, and former light returns.
 So Love grown dull, must be stirr'd up, and when
 It falls asleep, it must be rous'd agen.
 Keep her mind warm, let fear her heart assail,
 At the detection of thy crime look pale.
 How much, how oft, not which my verse contains,
 Hee's blest on whom an injur'd Maid complains.
 Shee swounds soon as his guilt doth reach her ears,
 Bereft of speech, liveless, the wretch appears.
 I'm hee whose hair shee furiously would tear,
 To whose soft eyes she would her sharp nails bear.
 Whom, weeping shee may see, angry looks give,
 Without whom fain she would, but cannot live.

Ask not how long shee grieves but a short space :
 Let not her anger strengthen by delaies.
 Now both your arms about her white neck cast,
 And weeping let her bee by you imbrac't.
 Kisse her lamenting, court the weeping Maid,
 Ratifie peace, so passion is allay'd.
 When shee's inrag'd, and doth with anger swell,
 Request but Marriage-Rites, and all is well;
 That anger dissipates, there peace resides,
 And in that place (beleeve mee) grace abides.
 The Doves that newly fought, will bill and sport,
 And one another with soft murmures court.
Chaos confus'd first without order was :
 The Earth, the Heaven, and Sea, had all one face.
 Heaven's put from earth, vast Seas embrace the land,
 And *Chaos* doth in parts digested stand.
 Wilde Beasts in Woods, Birds in the Aire abide,
 And Fishes in the watery streams do glide
 Then man ith' solitary field did rove,
 And with meer strength his untaught body move.
 The wood his house, herbs meat, green leaves his bed,
 Hee with no other a long time was fed.
 Sweet pleasure softened his fierce mind, they say,
 Together man and wife in one bed lay.
 No skilful Master taught them what to do,
 How to perform Loves Act, no Art can show.
 Birds had what they could love, and Fish did meet
 Ith' midst of th' stream, to taste this untoucht sweet.
 The Doe the Buck pursues, small worms their kind,
 And the Salt-Bitch unto the Dog is lin'd.
 The glad Ew skips, a Bull the Heifer gains,
 And the Shee-Goat the unclean hee sustains.
 Keen Mares unto the Horse will finde a way,
 Nor them can interposed Rivers stay.

Prescribe strong remedies, that will assuage,
 And onely give a *Requiem* to her rage.
 These, than *Machaons* druggs, are far more sure;
 If you offend, these pardon will procure.
 Whilst these I sing, *Apollo* doth inspire,
 And with his finger strikes his golden lyre.
 In's hand a Lawrel, Lawrel doth inclose
 His sacred brow, which him a Poet shows.
 Thou Teacher of soft Love (to mee thus spake)
 Unto my Temple all thy Scholars take.
 There is a Motto, which through th'world doth go,
 That every one should learn himself to know.
 Who knows himself alone shall wisely love,
 Hee to the utmost his design will move.
 Hee that a sweet face hath, let it be seen,
 He that looks red, oft on her shoulder lean.
 Hee that speaks well, let not his tongue be slow,
 Or sing, or drink, what hee can best, that do.
 Let not the learned in his speech declaim,
 Nor the mad Poet boast his excellent strain.
 So *Phæbus* warns, *Phæbus* advice obey,
 Credit what ere his sacred mouth shall say.
 Hee that doth wisely love (to come more neer)
 Shall by my Art win, and his wisht prize wear.
 Alwaies the earth affords not her increase,
 To help the ship sometimes the winds do cease.
 Small things advantage, great things love oppose,
 And much a Lovers courage undergoes.
 As Hares in *Athos*, or on *Hybla* Bees,
 As many fruits as grow on *Pallas* Trees,
 As th' shoar of shells, so full is Love of pain,
 Which wee endure, and which we must sustain.
 They'l say thee's walkt out, though you her did spy;
 Imagine 'tis so, do not trust your eye.

Is the gate shut ? she promis'd should stand wide,
 Suffer t, and lay your self down on your side :
 Perhaps her counterfeiting Maid may cry,
 What man is that which at the door doth lye ?
 Imbrace the posts, the cruel wench speak fair,
 In your head Roses from the wall pluckt, wear.
 If she calls, come, if not, go from the gate,
 It ill becomes ingenious men to wait.
 Your Mistress bids, but would not have you go,
 Those be her words, her meaning is not so.
 Take nothing ill, her blows imagine sweet,
 Neither disdain to kiss her dainty feet.
 But these are toyes, my Muse speaks greater things,
 Be present all, hear what my fancy sings.
 Hard things wee set on, virtue's alwaies so,
 The Art of Love must all indeavours know.
 Suffer a rival, conquest is with thee,
 And thou a Victor in *Joves* Tower shalt be.
 Think it no man, but some *Arcadian* Oak,
 (No more Ile speak of that) that such things spoke.
 If she but beck, forbear, if write, sit still,
 And let her go and come whither she will.
 Such things must married men with wives endure,
 When they would have sweet sleep, their parts se-
 Here I confess my Art imperfect is, (cure
 What shall I do ? I'm ignorant in this ?
 Shall I endure my Mistress to be courted
 Before my face, with rage not be transported ?
 One kiss my Mistress, at which I complain'd,
 Our love's with so much barbarousness are stain'd.
 This vice not once hath hurt, he excels mee,
 That with all his pretenders can agree.
 Better let thefts unknown obscured lye,
 Lest she forget her feigned modesty.

Young

Young men don't strive your failing loves to take,
 Lest they should vows in their offences make.
 Detected loves increase, both being espy'd
 In the same fault, their loves are faster ty'd.
 There is a fable through the whole world taught,
 How *Mars* and *Venus* were by *Vulcan* caught.
 Great *Mars* submitting unto *Venus* love
 Of a blunt souldier did an Amourist prove.
Venus (than whom no Goddess is more kinde)
 Did condescend to satisfie his mind.
 How oft the wanton jeer'd her husbands foot,
 And's harden'd hands, so oft ith' fire put?
 She with *Mars* imitating *Vulcan*'s pace,
 Unto her form adds a becoming grace.
 At first they met and acted privately,
 The fault it self was full of modesty,
 The Sun disclos'd (who can deceive the Sun?)
 And *Vulcan* knew that which his wife had done,
Sol thou didst ill create, let something be
 Askt for thy silence, she will grant it thee.
Mulciber pitcht a net about his bed
 On every side, by which their sight's misled,
 A journey feigns to (34) *Lemnos*, th' Lovers meet;
 Both naked lye intangled in his net.
 He calls the Gods, they caught ith' net shew all
Venus could scarce abstain from tears let fall.
 They cannot frame their looks, they are so ty'd,
 Nor their obscene parts with their hands can hide.
 One smiling, said, unconquer'd *Mars* to mee
 Transfer those bonds, if they a burthen be.
 Scarce *Neptune* at thy prayers he them unties,
Mars unto *Crete*. *Venus* to *Paphos* hies.
 It profits not, before they covered it.
 Which shameless now they openly commit.

'Tis said, thou didst confesse thy foolery,
And of thy passion hast repented thee.
This I forbid, and so doth *Venus* too,
She felt it first, and shee fore-warns it you.
Unseen nets do not for your rival lay,
Nor intercept his letters by the way.
Let those men take such things, if any must,
That are by fire and water rendred just.
Loe I acknowledge nought but Love is here,
Nor do these lines any chaste Matron jeer.
What prophane man dares (35) *Ceres* rites that
Or *Samothracian* sacred things disclose? (knows,
It is a vertue secrets to conceal,
As great a vice things sacred to reveal.
For babling *Tantalus* did want his food,
And thirsty in the middle waters stood.
Venus would have her sacred rites be hidden,
And all divulgers are from hence forbidden.
Though *Venus* Myst'ries are not closed found
In Chest that will not with fierce blows resound,
Yet chiefly we this observation keep,
That they for ever do in silence sleep.
If *Venus* any where discloathed stand,
Her secrets she concealeth with her hand.
Cattel will generate ith' open day,
But seen by Maids, they turn their eyes away.
Strong doors and beds unto our thefts agree,
In modesty most part must covered be.
Opacous clouds wee wish for, and the night:
We would have less of the disclosing light.
When from the Sun and Rain no roof did shield,
But th' Oak both food and covering did yeeld;
In Groves and Caves people their pleasures try,
So great a care they had to modesty.

Now

Now for our night-work we have titles sought,
Nothing unless well prais'd for much is bought.
Be constant unto none, that so you may,
This I might once have had, of many say.
You may such Ladies with your finger show,
But it is rudeness if you touch them so.
That which if true they would deny, some feign;
Saying that they have with such Ladies lain.
Though they their bodies cannot, yet their name
They will, although not criminal, defame.
Go then thou hateful pander, shut the door,
And add to it a hundred locks or more.
What matter? when her shame about is spread,
And what shee is not, shee'd be credited.
We sparingly talk of our constant Lover,
And her mysterious thefts our Faiths do cover.
Let not your love her imperfections know,
It avails many to dissemble so.
He did not *Andromeda's* colour scorn,
That swiftly on a flying-horse was born.
Andromache to others seemed tall,
Yet *Hector* her his little one did call.
Acquaintance makes that handsome which is worst,
For Love will many faults espy at first.
When a young slip begins its root to take,
Each blast of wind the tender plant will shake.
But being grown, it will resist all gales,
And bearing fruit against the wind prevails.
So imperfections vanish in a day,
What is not handsome, seems so by delay.
Young tender Kids will not indure the Goat
At first, but he in time inclines them to't.
With fit tearms mend her faults, call her brown
Hath a look darker than *Illyrian* pitch. (which

Call a squint, *Venus*; *Pallas*, a yellow skin;
And call her slender that looks lank and thin.
A low one, active call; one gross, full face't;
So let each fault in some neer grace be place't.
Where she was born, her age do not desire,
Nor what she to the (36) *Censor* gave inquire.
If she want youth, and be of riper years,
Or if she plate her gray-inclining hairs,
Oh youths these ages both are fruitful known;
These fields will bear good *Corn*, they must be sown,
Pains must in youth and strength be undergone,
Age with a silent foot comes stealing on.
Either go to the Sea's, or plow the Land,
Or to the wars with weapons in your hand.
Or else incline your self to court a Maid,
This is a war too, this hath rich men made.
Add prudence to your work, which all prefers,
And custome which makes all Artificers,
Their loss of youth with neatness they'l supply,
And all means to defer old age will try.
In divers manners they act *Venus* plaies,
No Tables can describe more several waies.
Husbands and wives both so indifferent seem,
We can't think they, stirr'd up delights esteem.
I hate the bed which yields not mutual joyes,
And that makes mee contemn the love of boyes.
I hate her that gives of necessity
Being barren, of her wooll doth dreaming lye.
Pleasure which duty grants I count not so,
No Maid to mee shall such a duty owe.
I love to hear her wearied voice desire,
That I would longer stay, bid mee respire.
May I my Mistress conquer'd eyes look on,
Languish with love, bidding her griefs be gone.

Nature

Nature to youth gives not these gifts, to some,
 They do not until past (37) seven *Lustra's* come,
 Wine drunk too new is lowre, give mee a cup
 Of year-old Wine unto the brim fill'd up.
 Fierce blasts the tender Plane tree will destroy,
 And Meads new cut will the bare feet annoy.
 To *Hellen* could *Hermione* compare;
 Is *Gorge* like unto her Mother fair?
 Who ere doth vow's to an old *Venus* raise,
 If hee remain, merits condign praise.
 Loe the concealing bed two Lovers hides
 My Muse before their chamber door abides.
 There what to say they need not learn, nor will
 Their wanton hands within the bed lye still.
 Their fingers will learn how to act their parts;
 And in what private place love sticks his darts.
 Thus *Hector* did *Andromache* assayl,
 Hee did not onely in field-wars prevail.
Achilles with *Lyrness* did no less,
 When wearied he would a soft bed compress:
Briseis clos'd fast in those arms remain'd,
 Which he before with *Phrygian* gore had stain'd.
 What wanton, did it please thee that hee should
 In his victorious arms thy body fold?
 Trust mee, too soon such pleasure must not be
 Acted, but by degrees and leisurely.
 If you perceive where she would have your hand,
 Then let not bashfulness your joyes withstand.
 You shall behold her eyes dart radiant beams,
 Like the refulgent Sun in liquid streams.
 Perhaps shee'll shrieke, or gentle whispers make,
 Sweetly complain, such yeelding language speak.
 What once you do attempt, leave not undone,
 Nor let her in that course before you run.

Keep

Keep both together, pleasure is more sweet,
 In full consent, when both the Sexes meet.
 This way observe, when leisure will allow,
 When fear will not to act love's part show how.
 When as delay's not safe, then ply the Oar,
 Make use of time, spur a free horse the more.

I've done, give mee the palm young gallants now,
 And place a Myrtle Garland on my brow.
 Of Surgeons *Podalirius* was the best
 For strength *Achilles*, wisdom (38) *Nestors* breast:
 Sage (39) *Calchas*; *Ajax* stout: skilful they nam'd
Antomedon: and I for love am fam'd.
 Celebrate mee your Poet, give mee praise,
 My name an Echo through the world shall raise.
Vulcan (40) t' *Achilles*, I give arms to you,
 Vanquish with yours, as hee was wont to do.
 Who with my steel makes the *Amazon* bow,
 Must write, to conquer, *Naso* taught mee how.
 The soft-skin'd Maids desire my precepts too,
 Loe, my next care shall bee t' accomplish you.

The end of the second Book.

 An-



Annotations on the Second Book
OF
Publius Ovidius Naso,
De Arte Amandi.

(1) **I**O *Paan*) *Iô* is an exclamation expressing joy and satisfaction at any thing : the *Romans* used it in their solemn Triumphs, where the souldiers following, cried out, *Iô Triumphæ.* *Hor. Car. 4. Ode. 2.*

Tuq; dum procedis, Iô Triumphæ;
Non semel dicemus, Iô Triumphæ.

And *Iô* triumph whilst thou passest by,
We many times will, *Iô* triumph cry.

Que vox exultantium præ gaudio est (saith *Ascensus* upon the place) whence to sing *Iô Paan*, is to praise or sing hymns to *Apollo*.

(2) *Maonian* man) *Homer*, called also *Maenides* from his Father *Maon*.

(3) The *Priameian*) *Paris*, so called from his Father *Priam*, who sailed from *Amycla*, a City in *Peloponnesus*, with his fair prize *Hellen*, that exquisite piece of beauty, of whom *Dares Phr.* describing *Castor* and *Pollux*, *fuernnt alter alteri similis, capillo flavo, &c.* *Castor* and *Pollux* were like each other, having yellow hair, great eyes, clear complexions, slender, and extreemly handsome : *Hellen* was like them, beautiful, of a winning nature, courteous, &c.

(4) *Hip-*

(4) *Hippodamia*) the daughter of *Oenomaus* King of *Elis*, who proposing her a prize to him that could overcome him in a Chariot-race, was at last, by *Pelops* (who bribed his Charioteer *Myrtilus*) out-run, who together with his course won the fair *Hippodamia* for his Bride.

(5) *Minos* doth all means of) a King of *Erete* by whom *Dedalus* was imprisoned in the Labyrinth which himself had built, for assisting his Queen *Pasiphae* in the satisfaction of her lust. *Vide supra*.

(6) *Boötes* nor *Orion*) *Boötes*, *Orion*, and the *Tegean* Maid are three of the celestial constellations, the first of which is placed neer *ursa Minor*, the second under the head of *Taurus*; the last is the sign *Virgo*, by the Poets feigned to be *Erigone*, who was born in *Tegea*, a City of *Arcadia*, a Country in *Peloponnesus*, whereof her Grandfather *Oebalus* was King, after her death translated into the sign *Virgo*, placed in the Zodiack between *Leo* and *Libra*.

(7) *Samos* and *Naxos*) *Samos* (for its neer site to *Thracia*, called *Samothrace*) *Naxos*, *Paros*, and *Delos* are Islands in the *Aegean* Sea.

(8) The *Clarians* love) *Apollo* called *Clarius* from *Clarus* a City in *Ionia*, where he had a Temple.

(9) *Lebithus* and) *Lebithus*, *Calydna*, and *Astipalea*, are three Islands of the *Sporades* in the *Mediterranean*, neer *Crete*.

(10) *Amonian* Arts) Witchcrafts from the many Witches that in antient time practised in *Amonia*, here dwelt the dire Witch *Enitho*, and here grew all sorts of herbs that were advantagious to their hellish incantations. *Lucan. lib. 6.*

*Thessala quinetiam tellus herbasq; nocenteis
Rupibus ingenuit, sensuraq; saxa canentes*

Arcanum

Arcanum feralē Magos, ibi plurima surgunt, &c.

Englified by Mr. May.

Besides *Theſſalia's* Fields, and Rocks do bear (hear
Strange killing herbs, and plants, and ſtones that
The charming Witches murmures : there ariſe
Plants, that have power to force the Deities.

Medea there a ſtranger, in thoſe fields

Gather'd worſe herbs than any *Cholcos* yeelds.

(11) With *Circe*) an Inchantreſſe living at *Cir-
ceum*, a Promontory in *Italy*, whither *Ulyſſes* com-
panions being driven by a ſtorm at Sea, were by the
Witch transformed into Swine; whom *Ulyſſes* by
his policy perſwaded to reſtore to their priſtine
forms; which ſhe no ſooner had done, but with them
he came away, leaving the loathſome habitation of
that accuſed Inchantreſſe. *Hom. Odyſ. 10. Meta. 14.*

(12) *Hylas* raviſht) the Son of *Theodamas* King of
Scythia, who going with *Hercules* out of the Ship
Argo, to get an Oar in the Woods of *Myſia*, and
lying down to drink on the bank of the River *Aſka-
nius*, hee was by the Water-Nymphs called *Naiades*
pluckt in and raviſhed.

(13) *Calypſo* waile) Daughter to *Oceanus* and
Thetys, ſhee governed the Iſle *Ogygia*, betwixt the
Seas *Phœnicium* and *Syriacum*, whither the Sea-
beaten *Ulyſſes* by a ſtorm being driven, was by her
entertained, whom ſhee falling in love with admit-
ted to her bed, and detained the ſpace of ſeven
years, till hee was by the deſtinies commanded
thence. *Hom. Odyſ. 1.*

(14) *Simois*) a River in *Aſia* riſing out of the
Mount *Ida*, and running all along by *Troy*, after
which meeting with the River *Xanthus*, they toge-
ther make a great Fen or Marſh, whence they ex-
patriate

patiate themselves into the *Hellepont* neer the *Pro-montory Sygum*. So in *Epist. 1. ad Ulysses*.

Hac ibat Simois, hic est Segeia tellus :

Hic steterat Priami regia celsa Senis.

Here flow'd *Simois*, this is *Segeian Land*,
And here did *Priams* stately Palace stand.

(15) *Dolon's Death*) a *Trojan* of admirable celerity, who being sent a spy into the *Grecian Camp*, was taken by *Ulysses*, to whom in hope of pardon hee revealed the *Trojan Counsels*, and betrayed *Rhesus* King of *Thrace*, who was then journeying to *Troy*, with the white horses, whereon depended the *Trojan* fate, after all which hee was slain by *Ulysses*. *Hom. Iliad. 40.*

(16) *Atalanta* shun) a Lady of superlative beauty, averle to *Venus*, but being daily solicited with the many importunities of divers Lovers, she promised her self to him that could over-run her in a foot-race; which *Hippomanes* (after the vain assaies of many) undertaking, by casting in her way three golden Apples which shee staid to take up, overcame and married her. *Metam. lib. 10.*

O quoties, cum jam posset transire, morata est

Spectatosq; diu vultus invita reliquit !

How oft she staid, when she could have out-gone;
Unwillingly his face left looking on !

(17) *Melanion* cause) *Hippomanes*, so called ἀπὸ τῶν μίλων & ἀνύω, from his throwing Apples out of his hand.

(18) *Dice*) Players at Dice both by the *Elibertine* and *Constantinopolitan* Council under *Justinian* were punished with Excommunication, and *Horatius* (*lib. 3. Carm. Ode. 24.*) saith it was by Law then forbidden.

*Sonnavis vetita legibus alea
 Quum perjura patris fides
 Consortem socium fallat & hospitem,
 Indignoq; pecuniam
 heredi properet.*

Or at the Dice by Laws deny'd
 His Father's perjur'd Faith doth play,
 And cheats his friend, so that hee may
 Wealth for his worthless heir provide.

But yet *Xenophon* (*lib. 3. de dictis Socratis*) adviseth to play at Tables or Dice, to divert from idleness.

(19) Foe of Glafs) this game of Chess invented (say some) by *Pyrrhus*, or, as others, by *Palamedes* at the siege of *Troy*, was much practis'd amongst the *Romans*; their men they made sometimes of Wax, but most commonly of Glafs. *Martial. lib. 7. Epig. 71.*

*Sic vincas Noviumq; Publiumq;
 Mandris, & vitreo latrone clausos.*

You may of *Novius* and *Publius* win, (in.
 With Knights, and with your man of glafs shut

(20) Her bed) The *Romans* chief time of entertainment was at supper, their Tables were round, about which were placed three beds, whereon the guests did not sit, but lye along, three usually on a bed, each of their feet behinde the others back, where they put off their shooes because they would not foul the beds, for the most part richly covered. *Tirrent. Heantoni.*

*Accurrunt servi, soleas detrahunt
 Video alios se nareleas sternere, cœnam parare,
 Some servantes run, away their shooes do bear,
 Some hasting beds do spread, supper prepare.*

(21) He

(21) He before did) *Hercules* whom the Poets feign to sustain Heaven upon his shoulder, it being too ponderous for *Atlas*, hee being enamoured on *Omphale*, Queen of *Lydia*, casting away his Club, and Lions skin, to obtain her love, did not refuse to take a basket of wooll, and a distaff into his hand, which made his wife *Deianira* cry out. *Epist. 9.*

*Quem non mille ferae, quem non Steneleius hostis,
Non potuit Juno vincere, vicit amor.*

Whom not a thousand monsters, *Gracian* arms,
Whom *Juno* neer could conquer, beauty charms.

(22) *Phyllacides Laodamia*) *Protesilaus*, called *Phyllacides* from *Phyllace* a Town in *Thessaly*, hee was the first of the *Grecians* slain by *Hector*; his wife *Laodamia* so firmly loved him, that requesting the Gods but to see the shadow of her slain husband, and obtaining, expires in the imbracing of it.

(23) A well-bred stranger) *Paris*, on whom *Dias Phry.* gives this character, *Paridem candidum, longum, fortem, oculis pulcherrimis, capillo molli & flavo, ore venusto, voce suavi.* *Paris* was courteous, tall, valiant, hee had fair eyes, soft yellow hair, a pleasing countenance, and an enticing voice.

(24) *Aonian Bow*) *Apollo's Bow* with which hee slew the Monster *Python.* *Metam. lib. 1.*

(25) *Phasias* most barbarously) *Medea*, who slew her two Sons that shee bore to *Jason* before his face, because hee forsook her, and married *Creusa.* *Vide supra.*

(26) Yon Swallow) *Progne*, who slew her Son *Itys*, to revenge the rape committed by her husband *Tereus*, upon her Sister *Philomela*, for which bloody murder shee was turned into a Swallow, whose breast is still stained with her Sons blood. *Metam. lib. 6.*

—Neque

— *Neque adhuc de pectore cadis*

Excessere nota, signatq; sanguine pluma est.

— the murdering marks remain

Upon her breast, the blood her feathers stain.

(27) Stolen delights) the strict Reader may, censuring this place, as judging it too light and wanton to be inserted by a Christian, detract from the whole; but I hope he will acquiesce with satisfaction, when I shall tell him I intended to have slipt this and some other excrescences from the body of the tree; but considering without declining my resolutions of rendring it an exact translation, without prejudice to the Author, and censure to my self, I could not do it, I offer them to modest eyes to be looked upon, as indeed they are, the documents of a Heathen.

(28) *Chrysis*) the Daughter of *Apollo's* Priest and *Agamemnon's* Mistress, who being forced to restore her to her Father, did in her room ravish *Briseis* from *Achilles*.

(29) *Lyrnessis*) *Briseis*, called *Lyrnessis* from the place where shee was born, whom *Atrides* after the departure of *Chrysis*, seized on, which caused great contentions betwixt him and *Achilles*. *Iliad. lib. 1. l. 114.*

(30) Biting Nettle-seed) the seed of the *Prickly Roman*, which hath of all other the most biting and stinging quality, and shureth up lust. *Ger. Herb.*

(31) Yellow Pellitory) not that the leaves or flowers be yellow, but hee calls it *flava* from the yellow bunch, or knob in the midd of the flower, like that of a Daisie.

(32) *Oleryx* dwells) *Eryx* is a Mountain in *Sicily*, *see (saith Plin. lib. 1. l. 10.)*

Ἀφροδίτης νεός, ἑκατόν τε καὶ ἄγχι, where stands a Temple dedicate to *Venus*.

(33) *Pelasgis* *Arcadia*, so called from *Pelasgus*, sometimes King thereof, who planted many herbs, and made food of the roots of them.

(34) To *Lemnos* an Isle in the *Aegean* Sea, famous for the reception of *Vulcan*, who for his deformity, being ejected Heaven by the gods, fell upon this Isle, where, being lamed by the fall, hee forged Thunderbolts for *Jupiter*.

(35) *Ceres* rites) *Ceres* Daughter to *Saturn* and *Ops* (the first that devised the manner of sowing Wheat and Barly, for which shee was deified) had her rites, which (saith *Cicero*) *longe maximis & occultissimis Ceremoniis continentur*, were contained in great and hidden mysteries, which it was death for any of her Priests to disclose.

(36) *Censor* gave) the *Censors* were officers in *Rome*, to whom every one gave in their names, with the full value of their estates: these took notice of all such as were ill husbands, neglected their Farms, or left their Vines untilled.

(37) Seven *Lustras*) a *Lustrum* is the space of five years: every fifth year the *Censors* purging the *Roman* Army with Sacrifice; so that seven *Lustras* is the space of thirty five years.

(38) *Nestors* breast) the Son of *Neleus* and *Cloris*, hee excelled for wisdom and eloquence, by which hee so much advantaged the *Grecians*, that *Agamemnon* said hee doubted not, if hee had but ten *Nestors*, suddenly to vanquish and overcome the *Trojans*.

(39) *Chalcas*) a *Grecian* *Augure*, the Son of *Thestor*: hee accompanied the *Grecians* in the *Trojan* expedition, where because hee much excelled in the

Art

Art of divining, many great things were sway'd by his Counsel.

(40) T' *Achilles* *Vulcan* at the request of *Thetys*, forged a suite of Arms for *Achilles*, the shield was beautified with most excellent workmanship; for in it hee presented the Earth, the Sea, and Heaven, with the Sun, Moon, Planets, and other Constellations, two exquisite Cities, a field of Corn, a golden Vine, and several other admirable curiosities. *Hom. Iliad.* 18. lib.

Ἡ δ' ἰενεῖ ὥς αἴτο κατ' ἑλύμπου νιφόεντος,
τ' ὤχεα μαρμαίροντα παρ' ἠφαίσιο φέρουσα.

Shee with these glittering arms from *Vulcan* hies,
And like a Hawk down to *Olympus* flies.



The third Boock
OF
Publius Ovidius Naso,
De Arte Amandi.

The Argument.

*Venus commands, the Poet doth obey,
Affords her Sex his skill: how Ladies may
By Art the faults of Nature rectifie:
What Books to read: what waies for love to try:
What places to frequent; how to insnare
The Amourist: what persons to beware:
How to revive dead flames, and to beguile
Their wary Guardians: at what times to smile
Upon their servants; last of all to flye
By Procris story, baleful jealousie.*

THE Greeks I first have harnessed; now remain
Arms for (1) *Penthesilea* and her train.
Go both alike prepar'd; they upon whom
Venus and *Cupid* smile will overcome.
For th' naked to resist the arm'd 'tis vain
Men by such victories no honour gain.
But Snakes why dost thou poison: some will say,
Or mak' it whole folds unto the Wolf a prey?
Repreach not all, for some's offences done,
Let each be as she merits look't upon.
Though *Menelaus* *Hellen* can accuse,
And *Hellen's* Sister *Agamemnon* rules:

Though

Though by *Eriphiles* crime (2) *Oeclydes* fell
 Alive, on his 'live horses, down to Hell:
 Yet vertuous did *Penelope* remain
 Four *Lustra's*, till her Lord came back again,
 Behold *Phylacides*, whose (3) wife they say
 T' follow her husband died before her day.
Pheretiada's redeemed by his wife,
 Who for his safety offered her own life.
 Receive mee *Capaneus* (4) *Iphias* cries,
 Wee'l mingle Ashes so ith' (5) *Rogns* dies.
 Ladies are really all vertue, then
 No wonder if so much they please us men.
 But yet our Art requireth not such minds,
 With lighter sails my Pinnacle passage findes.
 Nothing but amorous loves by mee are mov'd,
 And I instruct how women must be lov'd.
 Women, love's bow and flames will easily shake,
 But not so soon on men impression make.
 Men oft prove faithless, Maids not oft untrue,
 Such crimes (if thou inquirest) they have few.
 Unconstant *Jason Phasius* forsakes,
 Another Bride into his bosome takes.
 (6) *Thestus Ariadne* lett alone
 A prey to Sea-fowls in a place unknown.
 Enquire so many waies why (7) *Phyllis* went,
 And did with careles hair ith' Woods lament?
Eli's (8) Guest did unto her afford,
 Though free religious was, a death, a sword.
 He teach what lost you, ignorant in love,
 You wanted Art, and Art doth love improve.
 They'd never know, but *Cythera* commands
 That I should teach, whil't free before mee stands,
 What have the wretched Girles discern'd, faith free,
 That men are arm'd, and they unarmed bee?

Two books have made them Artists, here's a part,
 Remain to bee instructed by thy Art.
 Who to's (9) *Therapuean* Bride reproach did raise
 Since on a happy Lyre hath sung her praise.
 If you be wise, don't handsome Maids disdain,
 But whilst you live labour their grace to gain.
 This said, her head being bound with Myrtle, shee
 Did pluck a leaf, and gave some grains to mee.
 Wee feel the sacred gift, Heaven brighter shines,
 And at this time all care my breast declines.
 Ladies whilst wits be ripe, my Arts require,
 What modesty, her law, and rites inspire.
 Remember that old age will come, and so
 You'll let no time from you neglected go:
 Whilst youthful age permits it, you must play,
 Years like to current waters steal away.
 For to recall past streams, it is in vain,
 Nor shall an hour once past return again.
 Lay hold on time, which goes, and comes no more;
 So pleasing follows not as went before.
 These withered stems I Violets have seen,
 From this bare Thorn I've got a Garland green.
 The time will come, thou that dost love deny,
 Grown old, forsaken in thy bed shalt lye.
 It's night thy door shall not with blows be prest,
 Nor th' entrance in the morn with Roses drest.
Alas how soon the face lets furrows in,
And colour fades, though set in purest skin.
 Your tresses will grow thin, and you will say,
 That from a childe they ever have been gray.
 Snakes with their skins do cast their age off too,
 And Harts their horns being cast, their strength re-
 Helpless your time doth post to get, don't stay, (new.
 The flower which ungot doth soon decay.

Child-

Childbirth makes youth to age the sooner yeeld,
 Continual harvests make a barren field.
Luna at her (10) *Endimion* did not blush,
 Nor is *Aurora* 'sham'd of (11) *Cephalus*.
Venus, to pass by *Adon*, how, tell mee,
 Had'st thou *Aeneas* and *Hermione*?
 To follow goddesses waies yee mortals try,
 Nor to desiring men your sweets deny.
 Though they unconstant prove, what do you lose?
 No loss at all, though thousand times they use.
 Iron will wear, and Flint by use grows less,
 No fear of that parts loss doth ere oppress.
 To light at others Torches who'l disdain;
 Or who the vast Sea labours to restrain?
 Some women do not profit, thus they'l speak,
 What? is all water lost but what you take?
 My Art none prostitutes, but doth reprove
 Your idle fears, no loss proceeds from love.
 Soft Gales serve whil'st ith' Haven we do ride,
 But stronger winds, when in deep floods wee glide.
 I with their dress begin, trimm'd Vines abound
 With Wine, and rank Corn grows in well till'd
 Form is Gods gift, and all thereof are glad, (ground.
 Although the greater part that gilt ne're had.
 Care will give beauty, which neglect decays,
 Were it like to th' *Idalian* goddesses.
 Though Maids of old did not take so much care,
 Nor men such curious apparel wear.
 What if *Andromache's* cloaths did not surpass,
 No mar'l, her husband a blunt souldier was.
 What should the wife of *Ajax*, unto whom
 A severnfold shield was made, adorned come?
 Formerly they were rude, now *Rome* doth rise,
 And th' wealth of all the conquer'd world enjoys.

The (12) *Capitol* with all that it hath see,
 And you will say, it might *Jove's* Palace be.
 The (13) *Curia*, worthy such a Councel gain'd,
 Was covered with straw when *Tatius* reign'd.
 These Palaces that glitter 'gainst the Sun
 Were places once for beasts to graze upon.
 I'm born in the last age, I'm glad of it;
 Old times please some, these do my humours fit.
 Not because gold is found in the earths womb,
 Nor 'cause that Pearls from divers shoars do come;
 Not because Marble from the Hills wee dig,
 Nor 'cause wee Vessels to the green Sea rig,
 But 'cause w' are civiliz'd, neatness maintain,
 Nor antient rudeness to our times remain.
 Your ears with stones too costly do not store,
 Which the tann'd *Indian* gathers on the shoar.
 In cloth of gold, grave women, do not joy:
 That wealth by which you seek us, oft lay by.
 Neatness will take, your hairs in order place,
 It is the hand that makes or marring a face.
 There's more than one dress, that which is most cull
 Make choice of, but first with your glass consult.
 Long visag'd with a parted hair shows well,
 So *Lodovick's* tresses did excel,
 Those that round visag'd are disclose their ears,
 And in their forehead a small peak appears.
 Here one doth with her hair neglected stand,
 Such thou art *Phœbus* with thy Lyre in hand.
 Another like *Diana* is attir'd,
 When shee's overtaken a frighted beast desir'd.
 It becomes this to waite her hair ith' wind,
 And that it doth impede her locks to binde.
 This bedeckt with *Cyllenian* shells is brave,
 And that an Apron wears like to a wave.

You

You cannot count leaves on well branching trees,
 Nor number *Alpine* Beasts, or *Hybla's* Bees :
 Nor can I every dressing represent,
 Each day doth several new Modes invent.
 Neglected hair doth many grace, you'l say,
 What's newly comb'd was not since yesterday.
 Art covers much, *Iôle Alcides* spies,
 No sooner seen, but I'm in love, hee cries.
Bacchus for thee (14) forsaken *Gnossis*, cares,
Satyrs rejoycing into's Chariot bears,
 O how indulgent nature is to you,
 How many waies you may things lost renew !
 If bald, or hair through age fall off as fast
 As leaves from trees blown with a Northern blast :
 Or gray, it may with *German* herbs dy'd ere
 Receive a better tincture than before.
 Some women will, that have their hair well grown,
 Wear others, and for gain cut off their own.
 Shame not to buy't in publick; I've seen some
 Openly 'mongst a throng of Virgins come:
 Why stay I upon cloaths, ruffs do not buy,
 Nor Wooll that's twice dipt in a *Tyrian* dye,
 When enow colours are at cheaper rates :
 They're mad that on their backs wear their estates.
 Behold the colour of the sky, when clear,
 And in the warm South no dark clouds appear.
 Or (15) *Piryxus* colour choose, which hee, 'tis said,
 And *Helle* got by *Ino's* craft betray'd.
 This's like a wave, and thence a name it had,
 With this I do beleave Sea-Nymphs are clad.
 That yellow imitates, the Goddesse shines
 In yellow, that th' (16) light-bringing horses joyns.
 This Purple *Ametist*, this *Paphian* green,
 As th' *Thracian* Crane, or as white *Roses* seen.

Acorns

Acorns and Almonds *Amarillis* pull :
 Some kinde of wax doth give a name to wooll.
 As many Flowers as in the Spring earth bears,
 When Vines put forth , and the cold winter wears :
 So many Dyes wooll takes, what doth become
 Chuse : any colour sures not well with some.
 For brown light colours, fair *Briseis* sad :
 And shee that's ravish'd is in mourning clad.
 White becomes black, it pleas'd *Cepheus*, who
 In such Attire did to *Seriphos* go.
 How oft I've warn'd that lust do not prevail,
 Nor that long hairs do your rough leggs assail.
 I do not teach the Girls of *Caucasus*,
 That drink the streams of *Myrian Caicens*.
 What ? must I teach your teeth, how to keep fair,
 Ort' wash your mouth each morn in water clear ?
 You, how with wax to make them whiter know :
 What is not red by Nature, Art makes so.
 By Art the wrinkle of the brow's unspyde,
 A little leather hollow cheeks will hide.
 Be not asham'd flames in your eyes to show
 With Saffron, which doth nigh to *Cydnius* grow.
 I've writ one little book, yet great for care,
 In which I teach lost beauties to repair.
 Ye blemisht Maids from hence your helps obtain :
 My Art hath alwaies for your goods took pain.
 Let not your Lovers finde your Boxes laid
 Upon the Table, Art conceal'd will aid.
 Whom will not painting of the face offend,
 Which laid too thick doth to the bosome tend ?
 How *Oesipum* doth smell, though sent from *Greece*,
 Being dry, 'tis taken from a dirty fleece.
 My advice is, not openly to take
 Deer's marrow, or your foul teeth whiter make.

They

They grace a face, but odious be to fight,
Many things doing loathe, though done delight.
Th' Statue which does for th' work of *Myron* pass,
Sometimes a shapeless and hard substance was.
To make a Ring, the Gold is beaten full:
The clothes you wear sometime were baltered wool,
The stone was rough should shadow nobleness,
And *Venus* naked in a shower express.
Adorn your selves, when fast asleep wee deem:
Drest by a curious hand you'l fairer seem.
Why should I know the cause you look so fair;
Be private when you do your looks prepare.
Men should not all things know, they hate the sight
Of things, that don't if unconceal'd, delight.
The gilded streamers ore the stage, behold,
Waving, and th' wood ore-laid with thin leaf-gold.
No people there, before 'tis fram'd, must sit,
And whil'st 'tis making, it will none admit.
I don't forbid in publick t' dresse your head;
Nor that your locks your dainty neck ore-spread.
But that you be not peevish then beware,
Nor do too oft untie your loosened hair.
I hate those Ladies that their Maids will bite,
Scratch them ith' face, and with their Bodkins fight.
Being blooded it will make her curse and swear,
And crying, lug her Mistress hateful hair.
Shee that's ill-hair'd, to lock her door had best,
Or alwaies be in some close Cloyster drest.
I suddenly my Mistress came upon,
Surpriz'd her hair she wrong side out clapt on.
Let such disgraces happen to my foe,
And the like shame to *Parthian* women go.
Lame may their cattel be, their pasture bare,
May their trees have no leaves, their heads no hair.
Nor

Nor *Semele*, nor *Leda* need bee taught,
 Nor (17) she, whom a feign'd Oxe to *Sidon* brought.
 Nor *Helen*, whom *Atrides* would regain,
 And whom thou *Trojan Paris* dost detain.
 Both fair and foul come to learn from my Art,
 But still the fairer are the lesser part.
 The fair to learn my Precepts have less need,
 Their Beauty is a gift doth Art exceed.
 The Sea compos'd Sea-men at ease may lye,
 But when it swells, must all their skill imply.
 Most faces have some faults, which hide and doo
 As much as may be, mend your body too.
 It low, sit down, lest standing you should show
 As though you fate; or to a bed couch, go,
 Where being thrown, that none your stature spy,
 Upon your feet let some loose mantle lye.
 Shee that's too small, may have a vail, which cast
 About her shoulders, hangs beneath her waste.
 Shee that's too pale, with Purple dye her cheek,
 Shee that is black, the *Pharian* fish must seek.
 An ill-shap'd foot hide in a dainty shoe,
 Nor from your meased leggs your strings undo.
 Her that's crook-shoulder'd, sturlings will prefer,
 A breast too flat's rail'd with a stomacher.
 What ere thee saies, be sure thee point at none,
 Whose hands are fat, or nails be dirty grown.
 She must, whose breath's unsweet, not fasting speak,
 Neither a feat too neer her servant take,
 If your teeth black, or out of order grow,
 Take heed lest you should them by laughing show.
 Who'd think that Ladies should be taught to laugh;
 Yet that done handfomely will set them off.
 Let not much mirth your hollow cheeks reveal,
 And ever with your lips your teeth conceal.

Your

Your bodies with much laughter do not strain,
 Y^e are loud at any thing that's light and vain.
 Some will in laughing draw their mouth awry,
 Others do frame a face as they would cry.
 And such a ditty make with their rude voice,
 (18) As when an Ass at th' Mill doth make a noise.
 Whither will not Art extend? women are taught,
 And how to weep in handsome manner brought.
 In some 'tis handsome not to speak so plain,
 But to lisp out, their tongue some words constrain.
 It is a handsome fault, and pleaseth more,
 To learn to speak less than they could before.
 When these do profit you, approve my care;
 And with a stately step your body bear.
 There is a state in going, which doth take,
 Carriage doth Lovers, or Neglecters make.
 This moves by Art, the wind her garment swells,
 And being proud, shee in her gate excels.
 That looking ruddy like an *Umbrian* Bride,
 Doth in her walking take a spacious stride.
 But there a rustick mode in this may be,
 One rudely walks, another leisurely.
 Let both your shoulders and your neck be bare
 For them to see, which your admirers are.
 But this white skins must do at th' sight of this
 I use, as far as it is nak't, to kiss.
Syrens (Sea-monsters) with their notes could stay
 A floating ship, if it came that away.
Ulysses hearing these, did neer relax
 His body, his (19) friends ears close stopt with wax.
 All (20) learn to sing, for singing is a grace,
 The voice is oft a pander to the face.
 Now repeat what you from the stage did bring,
 And then a verse in wandering measures sing.

Ladies

Ladies in (20) Musick also should have skill,
 Their left hands hold a harp, their right a quill.
 Wilde beasts and stones at (21) *Orpheus* harp did stir,
 The lake of hell, and the three-headed Cur.
 Thou just revenger of thy Mothers fall,
 The stones themselves at thy voice made a wall.
 The Fish are thought the Musick to desire,
 In the known fable of *Arions* Lyre.
 Learn with your hand the Psaltery to strike,
 To that, for musick sweet, no musick's like.
Callimachus, and *Coan* Poets scan,
 Orth' *Tejan* wanton muse of the old man.
 The wanton *Sappho* read, you also may
 Read *Geta's* Father, who so well could play.
 And thou *Tibullus* read *Propertius* verse,
 Or some of *Gallus*, or thine own rehearse.
Phryxus thy Sisters golden fleece so fam'd
 By *Varro* must amongst the rest be nam'd.
Aeneas flight, th' Original of *Rome*,
 No extant work more fam'd in *Latium*.
 My name perhaps amongst the rest is found,
 My writings shall not be in *Lethe* drown'd.
 Read over, some shall say, our Masters charms
 So excellent, where hee both Sexes arms.
 Or the three books which stil'd *Amorum* be,
 Must with an active eye be searcht by thee.
 With a clear voice sing his Epistles ore,
 Which hee did make, unknown to all before.
Phæbus grant this, yee Deities divine,
Bacchus renown'd, grant this yee Muses nine.
 I also (21) dancing in young Ladies love,
 As you are taught, your active fingers move.
 Motion upon the stage doth chiefly take,
 Their very action them a grace doth speak.

Small things I shame to teach, as how to name
A cast at Dice, or how to throw the same. (throws
Sometimes shee casts three Dice, well skill'd what
Should lye at bottome, what to call for knows.
At Chels shee must play heedfully, be wise
Her man is taken with two enemies.
A man by odds surpriz'd may move, but then
Returning, oft renews the game agen.
Light (22) balls must also be with rackets struck,
And you must stir no balls, but what you took.
Play such a trick at Cards, by which appear
How many months are in the moving year.
How on a board three stones on each side lye,
Which shee keeps last, that gets the victory.
Use many sports, to sport young Beauties know;
For oftentimes love takes deep rooting so.
It is an easie thing to use your throws,
But harder far your carriage to compose.
They are unwise that play with too much care,
Then oftentimes their breasts too open are.
They'l rage unhand somely, contend and brawl,
And for their winnings will at variance fall.
To make a clamorous noise it doth displease,
Or t' call th' offended gods for witneses.
There is no faith at Tables found: how I
Have seen some at their games to fret and cry:
Jove grant that none may so themselves discover
That any care would take to please a Lover.
These idle sports nature to women gave,
But men must far more active pleasures have.
To toss a ball, or shoot in bows well tride,
To learn to fence, or a proud horse to ride.
Maids must not in the fields, or cold air go,
Or upon Seas, that do unpleasing flow.

But they may gently walk in *Pompey's* shade,
 When hot by *Phæbus*, *Virgo's* head is made.
 Or walk in *Laureat Peans* Palaces
 That *Pæretonian* ships sunk in the Seas.
 Which things his Sister and his Wife had found,
 Whilst his head was with naval honours crown'd.
 The Altars of the *Memphian* heifer see,
 Or the three Theaters that famous be.
 See the (23) *Arena* sprinkled with warm gore,
 Or the Goal by th' hot Chariot wheel run o're.
 What is unseen's unknown, no love protest,
 'Tis pity a good face should want a test.
 If *Orpheus* or *Thamyra*s you surpass
 In singing, yet unknown, you get no grace.
 Had *Venus* not been drawn b' *Apelles* skill,
 Shee in the waves had layn forgotten still.
 What do the sacred Poets seek but fame,
 The cusp of which is onely all our aim.
 Formerly Poets were by Kings maintain'd.
 And rich gifts have the ancient *Chori* gain'd.
 Their names were celebrated with regard,
 Then they did Poets with stor'd gold reward.
Callabrian Ennius deserv'd to be
 Great *Scipio* contiguous to thee.
 The *Ivy* without honour lies, a name
 Of Idleness usurps the Muses fame.
 Fame must awake it self, had *Homer* slept,
 Eternal fame his *Iliads* had not kept.
 Had *Danaë* all company refrain'd
 Till old, she might have in her Tower remain'd.
 Fair creatures, it will much advantage you,
 Often to walk out into publick view.
 The Wolf for one prey to the whole flock lies:
 At a whole team of fowl *Joves* Eagles flies:

Let a fair Maid in publick place be found,
One shee perchance may 'mongst amany wound.
Be studious to please in every place,
To get a fame, aſt all things with a grace :
'Tis accidental : ſtill hold out a hook,
Where you leaſt think ſometimes a fiſh is took.
The hills in vain ſometimes by Hounds are ſought,
Whil'ſt that a Hart unforc't iſh' Net is caught.
What could *Andromede* leſs hope than that
Her tears ſhould any Lover penetrate ?
Oſt at a Huſbands grave a new one's gain'd,
Her careleſs head and tears will grace though
Avoid thoſe men that over-curious are, (ſeign'd.
That do their locks in mode and figure wear.
What to a thouſand they to you will ſay,
And in no place their wandering loves will ſtay.
What won't a woman, when a man's more light;
Though to have other men perchance ſhee might.
You'll ſcarce beleeve, yet truſt, *Troy* had not fell
If *Priams* Councel th' had obſerved well.
There be under prerence of love that cheat,
And onely gain baſely deſire to get.
Let not the hair deceive with *Jeſſamy*,
Nor the ſmall Bracelets which unfolded lye.
Be not deceiv'd with clothes that do adorn,
Nor all the Rings upon his fingers worn.
Perhaps this ſpruce youth may a cheater be,
And more in love with thy fine clothes, than thee.
Give mee my own, oſt Maids deſpoil'd of all,
Reſtore my clothes, will through the *Forum* call.
Appiades and *Venus* did behold
Theſe ſtripes from Temples bright with burniſht
There are ſome Ladies of diſhoneſt fame, (gold.
From many faithleſs learn to be the ſame.

By others, fear lest you should once complain,
 No man accounted faithles, entertain.
Athenians trust not *Theseus* though hee swear,
 Whom hee invokes, gods of his making are.
 Right heir of *Theseus* crime *Demophoon* thou
Phyllis deceived'st: no faith remaineth now.
 Make vows to them, if they make vows to you
 If they perform, perform your promise too.
 Shee may as well extinguish (24) *Vesta's* fire,
 And from the Temple sacred things desire,
 For men *Aconitum* with Hemlock bruise,
 As *Venus*, once reward receiv'd, refuse,
 Hold in the reign my Muse, I'l come to thee,
 Nor with the moving wheel disturbed be.
 Let letters try the soord first, written fair,
 And a fit messenger those letters bear.
 Observe his language as you read it ore,
 Whether hee feign, or from his heart implore.
 After some time write back to him, delay
 Doth love increase if not too long you stay.
 Give not your self away too easily,
 Nor stiffly, what hee shall request, deny.
 Make him both fear and hope as oft as you
 Remit his faults, make him les fearful too.
 Write handsome words in an at custom'd phrase,
 And a smoothe stile, neat form of speech gets praise.
 Lovers at dubious words are oft-times wilde,
 Without good language a fair face is spoild.
 Though you the (25) honoured *Vitta* do not wear
 Your servants oft by you deceived are.
 By Boys or Maids you may your Letters send,
 But to no Lover any gifts commend.
 How I have seen Maids at such loss look pale,
 And sorrow ever after, them assail.

Hee's faithless truly that such gifts detains,
 But his breast burning *Aetna*-like remains.
 To repel fraud, let fraud be used now,
 Arms against Arms to take, the Laws allow.
 To write many hands you may your selves inure,
 They're lost that would such things from mee pro-
 Unless his seal you break, write not again; (cure.
 Nor let one Letter several hands contain.
 Ladies the Writers loves, subscrib'd must be:
 Think oft on her, that often thinks on thee.
 If wee from small to great our minds may lead,
 And our full sails in curv'd Havens spread.
 It concerns beauty anger to assuage,
 Peace becomes men, 'tis fit for beasts to rage. (start,
 Rage swells the cheek, black blood ith' veins doth
 Makes eyes look like to angry *Gorgons* dart.
 Hence rage, a pipe's not so much worth to mee,
 Said *Pallas*, who herself ith' brook did see.
 Ith' height of rage, if to a Glass you go,
 Your face to be the same you'd hardly know.
 A proud and stately look no Lover brooks,
 Love is increased most with gentle looks.
 Too much disdain wee hate (trust one that knows)
 The countenance the seed of hate oft sows.
 If hee looks, look; and if hee smile, smile too:
 Make signs to him, if hee makes signs to you.
 Thus whil't hee loves, the Boy his wand forsakes
 Sharp (26) pointed Arrows from his quiver takes.
 Wee love none sad, *Ajax Tegmessa* lov'd,
 With sprightly Ladies cheerful men are mov'd.
Andromache, *Tegmessa* unto mee,
 Neither of you two should a Mistress be.
 I scarce beleeve (but that a birth doth show)
 You to your husbands are in bed you go.

But *Ajax* melancholy wife hath said,
 Light of my soul, which a glad husband made.
 Who will examples from great things refuse,
 Or any great Commanders name not use?
 That this a Troop gives to be disciplin'd,
 Horse-men to this, ensigns to that assign'd.
 Look so on us for what use each one shews
 To fit the best, in his sure place dispose.
 Let rich men give, and hee that reads the Laws,
 Being eloquent, defend a Clients cause.
 Wee that are Poets only verses send,
 Who before others do to love pretend.
 Wee spread abroad the praise of a sweet face,
 Wee honour *Nemesis*, wee *Cynthia* grace.
Orient and *Occident* knew *Lycoris*,
 Many inquire who my *Corinna* is.
 Deccit is not by sacred Poets us'd.
 But by our Arts good manners are infus'd.
 Nor pride doth us induce, nor love of gain,
 Wee for a bed or grove all sports retrain.
 W^e are easily caught, wee burn with fervent heat,
 And our affections are as firm as great.
 Nature by curious Art is gentler made,
 By exercise behaviour will bee had.
 Ladies kinde to *Aonian* Poets prove,
 All power they have, and them the Muses love.
 A God is in us, wee with Heaven commerce,
 Hee doth his rayes from airy Seats disperse.
 'Tis sin, with Poets riches to expect,
 Ah but alas! Maids do this sin neglect.
 Yet at first sight do not your selves disclose,
 New Lovers will, the nets espy'd, oppose.
 Naggs that are newly mouth'd Grooms do not ride,
 With the same bits they well-way'd horses guide.

To catch one stay'd in years, and a young man,
Neither the manner or same course is tane.
Hee's rude, in Loves Tents never had a place'
That as a new spoil would your bed imbrace.
Hee knows none else, to you alone is bound,
Great hedges must such grain as this surround.
Competitors remov'd, your love you'l gain,
For love and rule no sharers entertain.
Old men do by degrees affection take,
They will accept what young men will forsake.
They'l force no doors, nor burn with boundless rage,
Nor on their Mistress face commit a strage.
Neither their own, or Mistress clothes they'l tear,
Nor shall th' have cause to wail their pluckt off hair.
Such things those act, with youthful flames inclod'd,
But these Loves Darts receive with breasts compos'd.
Old men like Torches into water put,
Burn with a lingring fire, like wood new cut.
These Loves are sure, those short, yet full of May,
Then crop the fruit that will so soon decay.
Open to th' foe, let all delivered bee,
That faith may be found in disloyalty.
Love easily granted will not long remain,
Then some denials in sweet language feign.
Let him attend the gate, cry cruel door,
Now threaten much, and then as much implore.
Wee love not things too sweet, sharper are found
To cure us: ships with too much wind are drown'd.
This is the cause men do their wives neglect,
They shew them at the first too much respect.
Let th' Porter their access sometimes deny,
For love neglected burns more ardently.
Dull swords reject, now fight with active steel,
I'm sure the force of my own shafts to feel.

When the young Amourist falls in your snare,
 Hoping that none with him your love shall share,
 Seeing a rival to participate,
 But for these Arts his love would soon rebate.
 The horse, the (27) Barriers left runs well, if more
 Follow him close at heels, or run before.
 Scorn will revive flames quite extinct, loe I
 Cannot love those that cannot mee deny.
 Yet not to make him grieve much, or suppose
 Being troubled, there is more in't than hee knows.
 Your Porter may console and let him know
 Hee troubles more than hee hath cause to do.
 Pleasure with safety purchased, less wee prize
 To be more free with *Thais*, fears devise.
 Though you might let him in at th' door, yet through
 The window take him, and seem frighted too.
 Instruct your subtil Maid to come in post,
 Cry hide the Gentleman, or w^e are all lost.
 Yet you must mix his fear with love, lest hee
 Should think a night cannot worth so much be.
 I'd like to have omitted how you may
 Your Guardian and watchful Nurie betray.
 Let wives their husbands fear, guard their own fame,
 Law, Duty, Modesty command the same.
 Thee whom revenge hath ransom'd who'l indure
 To be restrained, aid from my Art procure.
 Though *Argus* many eyes attend, you shall
 By giving fair words oculte them all.
 If by your Guardian you should be deny'd
 To write, then (28) waters at fit time provide.
 What if your will-obeying Maid complies,
 And in her bosome doth a way devise
 To carry Letters, bring back in her shooe
 Delightful papers, what can Guardians do?

The Maid being of your Council may give leave
To write upon her back, which will receive
Your characters, if them in (29) Milk you write,
Rubb'd with a Coal are manifest to sight.
On Paper made of humid line well drest,
Your characters may be unseen exprest.
Acrisius of his Daughter care did take,
Yet shee a Grandfather of him did make.
What can a Guardian, whil'st that Stages be
Ith' City, whil'st you may horse-courses see?
Or whil'st you may to (30) *Pharian Isis* go,
Busied in sacrifice, the rest not so.
Or whil'st the goddess from mens eyes if they
Approach her uncommanded, turns away :
Ladies the (31) Baths do many pleasures hide,
Then let your Guardian at the door abide
Watching your Gown; or else feign a disease,
So to your Chamber admit whom you please.
Whil'st a false key may teach you what to do,
Or a Postern a way desired shew.
A Guardian also is deceiv'd with Wine,
Or with the Grapes pluckt from the Spanish Vine.
And there are soporiferous cups will keep,
And drown'd their eyes in a Lethean sleep.
So him despis'd your complice doth not stay
With lingring pleasures, or a slow delay.
But what need I so many waies prescribe,
Since with rewards you may your Keeper bribe :
Gifts, trust mee, will both men and gods beguile,
And *Jove* himself will at an offering smile.
What do the wise since fools do presents love,
Hee that reward receives, will secret prove.
Your Keeper purchas'd once, hee's ever so,
Hee'l ne're refuse that aid hee once did show.

Of your companions I am to complain,
 That hurt, to men doth not alone pertain.
 Beleeve mee, they will of your pleasures share,
 And others Hounds pursue your wanton Hare.
 The Maids that doth about the beds attend,
 Trust me, more times than one, hath been my friend.
 Keep not too fair a Maid, for oft-times shee
 Hath better than her Mistres pleased mee.
 Fond man what do I; make my self a prey,
 Open my breast to foes; my self betray?
 Birds teach not Powlers how to be undone,
 Nor do the Deer instruct the Dogs to run.
 I'll publish this, which help to Maids affords,
 And arm them to my loss with *Lemnian* swords.
 You may with ease make us beleeve y' are kind,
 The *Amourists*, with forward faiths, you'll finde.
 Look on your servant, sigh and ask why hee
 Hath been from you so long; then let him see
 Some tears let fall, for him deep sorrow feign,
 And in your countenance your fingers stain.
 Credulous and compassionate hee'll be,
 And say, shee doth this for the love of mee.
 If hee be spruce, and loves to look in's glasse,
 Hee'll think the goddesses dote on his face.
 Grieve not though wrong do ne're so great appear,
 Neither be jealous though strange things you hear.
 Trust not to tales too soon, they injure love:
Procris example may no light thing prove.
 There is neer to (32) *Hymettus* Flowery head
 A sacred spring, the earth with soft grasse spread:
 Low Groves, where *Arbutes* with the grasse do meet,
 Rosemary, Lawrel, shady Mirtle sweet:
 There thick-leav'd Box, and Tamarix also,
 There the low Shrubs, and lofty Pine-trees grow.

So many sorts of leaves, grafs tops so fair
 Were shak't by *Zephyrus*, a wholesome Air:
Cephalus grateful rest, his Hounds forsook,
 The young man in this place his ease oft took.
 Come gentle moving Air, hee us'd to say,
 Come to my breast and fan this heat away.
 Some that by chance his words did over-hear,
 Bore back the sound to his wives trembling ear.
 Air for a Harlots name, poor *Procris* guest,
 Swounding shee falls, with jealousie posselt.
 Looking as pale as Grapes late gathered,
 Or leaves with winters frost enveloped.
 Pale as full Quinces which depreess the Tree,
 Or Corn before 'tis fully ripe, can be.
 Her sense return'd, shee tears her clothes, and now
 Her dainty cheeks, with her sharp nails, doth plow.
 Raging, away shee hies, disperst her hair,
 Like *Bacchus* Priest that doth the *Thirsis* bear.
 When she approacht the place, she would take none,
 But silently enters the Wood alone.
 What wretched *Procris* had thy mind posselt,
 To lurk, what ardour beat within thy breast?
 Thou thoughtst that Air would come, whatever she,
 And that her vertues should discovered be. (take
 Thy coming grieves now 'cause thou wouldst not
 Now't pleaseth, these unstedfast love doth make.
 The place, name, guide command beliet from thee,
 And what the mind fears, it concludes to be.
 Thus when shee saw the grafs with feet deprest,
 Her trembling heart did beat against her breast.
 Now Middaies Sun gave shadows less extent
Ortus and *Vesper* equal in assent.
 Loe *Cephalus* *Cyllene's* stock to th' place
 Returns, and with spring-water cools his face:

Sad

Sad *Procris* is conceal'd; oth' grasse being laid
Come *Zephyrus*, come gentle Air, hee said.
Now when shee saw the error of the name
Into her face a lively colour came.
T'imbrace her husband shee in hast doth rise,
And 'mongst the bushes makes a rustling noise.
Hee (the sound heard) did for a wilde beast look,
And bravely up his Bow and Arrows took.
Wretch, 'tis no beast, what dost? hold fast thy dart;
Ah mee! th' hast struck a woman to the heart.
Ah thou hast hit a faithful breast, said shee,
This place hath ever had a wound by thee.
Before my day I dye, injur'd by none,
This place made mee suspect thee faithless grown.
From mee my breath, to Air suspected, flies,
I dye; with thy lov'd hand close up my eyes.
So said, her breath her careless breast did leave,
Which her unhappy husband did receive.
Hee doth her dying in his arms imbrace,
And with sad tears washeth the wound apace.
But wee'l return, and in these things be plain,
That her wisht Port my wearied Keel may gain.
You look to Banquets, I should you conduct,
And with fit postures for that place instruct.
Come late, and in a handsome dress appear
Not to be forward, speaks most welcome there.
If you be black, yet there you'l seem most fair,
I th' night all imperfections covered are.
The manner must be learnt to carve and eat,
Don't with your fingers oyl your face at meat.
Feed not too much on dainties but forbear,
And rather let your stomach waite his share.
Had *Hellen* greedy seem'd to *Park* loves,
He would have loath'd, and disesteem'd his prize.

To drink is far more handsome, Maids, for you,
Bacchus with *Cupid* joyn'd no hurt will do.
 Yet do not drink your heads to discompose,
 Nor till in your eyes, each thing double shows.
 Women will, madifi'd, with too much Wine,
 In any fordid copulation joyn.
 Nor after meat lye down to ease your eyes,
 Many disgraceful things from sleep arise.
 I shame to teach you more, but *Venus* shew,
 Affirms our subject chiefly shame to be.
 Each one must actions from her body take,
 And postures all alike, you must not make.
 You that are fair, lye upwards with your face,
 Shew you your back to whom your back's a grace.
Melanton Attalanta's legs between
 His shoulders bore, if neat they must be seen.
 Low women ride (33) *Thebais* being tall,
 Married, ne're sate on *Hector's* horse at all.
 Shee that would have her curious waste espyde,
 Must sit upon the seat, her neck aside.
 Shee whose sweet form presents no fault to th' eye,
 Carelessly stretcht upon the Couch may lye.
 Shame no, like *Phillis* Mother, to untie,
 And 'bout your shoulders let your loose hair fly.
 You on whose breasts *Lucina's* wrinkles light,
 Like the swift *Parthian*, keep your back in sight.
 Love hath a thousand waies perform'd with ease,
 To lye half Supine oth' right side, may please.
 Not *Thebus Tripes*, nor horn'd *Ammon* shows
 More Truth to you, than doth my Muse disclose.
 If there be truth in Art by long use gain'd,
 Beleeve't our verses have that truth obtain'd.
 Women arriv'd at full maturity
 May these perceive, two sharing equal joy.

Nor

Nor pleasing voices, nor sweet tunes refuse,
And you sometimes must amorous language use.
You to whom nature *Venus* sense denies,
With a mendacious tongue pretend sweet joyes.
Unhappy Maid is shee whom sense doth leave,
Where man and woman equal sweets receive.
Yet let not them perceive that you do feign,
And active motions will beleeve obtain.
To mention what doth please us best, forbear
Modesty bids, yet secret signs declare.
Shee that reward, *Venus* perform'd, requires,
Not that her prayers should ere be heard desires.
Let not the light your marriage-beds come neer,
Many things should bee undiscovered there.
The Play is done, 'tis time they should return
That have our yoke upon their shoulders born.
As youths before, my crowd of Maids write thus
Upon your spoils, *Ovid instructed us*.



Annotations upon the third Book
OF
Publius Ovidius Naso,
De Arte Amandi.

(1) **P***enthisilia* and) a Queen of the *Amazones*,
Post *Orythiam* *Penthisilea* regno potita est, cujus
Trojano bello inter fortissimos viros, &c. (saith *Justin.*
lib. 2.) After *Orythia* *Penthisilia* obtained the govern-
ment, who amongst the most courageous Captains
in the *Trojan* war, made large proof of her valour a-
gainst the *Grecians*. Shee was slain before *Troy*, but
by whom it is uncertain. *Dyctis Cretensis lib. 4.*
saith, *Achilles inter equitum turmas Penthisiliam*
nactus, hasta petit, &c. *Achilles* amongst the troops
of horse finding *Penthisilia* wounded her with
his spear; and dragging her miserably by the
hair, slew her. But *Dares Phrygius* saith, *Penthisilia*
Neoptolemmum sauciat, ille dolore accepto, amazonum
duxtricem Penthisiliam obtruncat.

Now such as shall desire to know what these *A-*
mazons were, I shall indeavour to satisfie out of
Justin. lib. 2. *Ulinos & Scolopitus per factionem Opti-*
matum, domo pulsi, &c. The two young Princes, *Uli-*
nos and *Scolopitus* being by the Primates of *Scythia*,
expelled their Country, drew along with them a
considerable company of young men, who seating
themselves in *Capadocia* neer the River *Thermodon*,
occupied the fields of the *Themiscyrians*, whom they
had

had subjected, and for many years accustoming themselves to rob and spoil their neighbouring confines, were at last set upon and slain by the people. The wives of these men perceiving all hopes of posterity were in their husbands cut off, fall to arms; first defending themselves at home, afterwards transmitting the war to their neighbours: with whom they disdained to marry, calling it slavery, not matrimony, have dared, a singular example of all ages, to enlarge without the assistance of husbands, the bounds of their republick. Now incouraging themselves in the contempt of husbands, that some might not seem more happy than others, they slew those men that remained amongst them, and with the daily slaughter of their neighbours, they prosecute the revenge of their murdered husbands. At length by war obtaining peace to preserve the state of their Government, they prostitute their bodies to men of neighbouring Countries: their male-children they destroyed; but the Girls they carefully brought up, instructing them in the exercise of fencing, riding, hunting, and the like: They were called *Amazons* $\alpha\beta\alpha\ \&\ \mu\alpha\zeta\Theta$, from the burning of their breast, that it might not impede their shooting.

(2) *Oiclides* tell) *Amphiaraus*, called *Oiclides* from his Father *Oicleus*; a *Grecian* Prophet, the husband of *Eriphiles*, whom King *Adrastus* would take with him to the war of *Thebes*, but hee foreseeing hee should never return, concealing himself, was at last discovered by his wife *Eriphiles* to *Adrastus* for a chain of gold: with whom going to *Thebes*, an Eagle at a feast stooping, snatcht *Amphiaraus* dart, and soaring up with it, let it fall; which fixing in
the

the ground, became a Lawrel: *Amphiarans* going to cut it down, was by a sudden rupture of the earth swallowed up together with his Chariot and horses; which *Themis* foretold in *Metam.* 9.

Subductaq; suos manes tellure videbit

Vivus adhuc vates —

A living Prophet shall his own Ghost see
Swallowed ith' earth —

(3) Wife they say) *Laodamia*, who died imbracing the shadow of her slain husband. *vide supra.*

(4) *Iphias* cries) called also *Evadne*, the wife of *Capaneus*, whom she loved so intirely, that when he was slain by a Thunderbolt at *Thebes*, and his Funeral solemnized, shee cast her self into the fire to be consumed with him.

(5) *Rogus* dies) It was antiently a custome not to bury the dead bodies in the ground, but to burn them with fire, to prevent the Tyrannous abuse of their enemies, who were wont to take up, after their conquests, the dead corps, and execute their malice upon them. This fire being made in a dead pile, was called *Pyra*, when burning, it was called *Rogus*. When the dead body was laid upon the *Pyra*, his eyes were again opened, to shew him Heaven if it were possible, and a half-penny put in his mouth, which they supposed to be the wages of *Charon*, for ferrying him over the *Stygian Lake*.

(6) *Theseus* *Ariadne*) *Vide supra, in Not. ad lib. 1.*

(7) *Phylis* went) the Daughter to *Licurgus* King of *Thrace*, who prostituted her body to *Demophoon*, upon promise of marriage, after the composing of those differences that his absence had incurred at home:

home: but hee by the weight of his Country affairs, being detained after the limit of his promised time, gave her leisure to suspect her self despised, and despairing of the performance of his promise, hanging her self, was turned into an Almond-tree without leaves, after which *Demophoon* returning and imbracing the naked trunk, it presently budded and put forth.

(8) Guest did) *Aeneas*, who (saith *Virg. lib. 4.*) by the commands of the gods leaving *Carthage*; *Dido*, who was passionately in love with him, after his departure, slew her self with the *Trojan* sword which hee had forgot behinde him; yet in truth *Dido* lived (according to the best Chronologers) eighty odd years after the *Trojan*, though the Poet in his Romantick Poem take the liberty to make them contemporaries.

(9) *Therapnean* Bride) *Leda* the wife of *Tyndarus*, who at *Therapne*, a Village of *Laconia*, brought forth the *Tyndarides*.

(10) *Endimion* doth not) a Shepherd whom *Jove* received into Heaven, but ambitioning the love of *Juno*, was first deceived with a cloud, and after for his pride ejected the celestial habitations, and doomed to perpetual sleep, whom *Luna* falling in love with, concealed in a Grott on *Latmus* a Mountain of *Caria*.

(11) *Cephalus*) a young man, the husband of *Procris*, with whom *Aurora* falling in love, when shee could by no means make him decline his chastity, ravished him by force.

(12) *Capitol*) a famous Tower in *Rome*, built by *Tarquinius Superbus*, on the *Tarpeian* Mount, after called *Mons Saturnius*, or *Saturns* Mount, where
the

the glorious spoils of the *Roman* Conquerers were hung up. It was called the *Capitol*, because when the foundation was laid, a mans head was digged up fresh and lively, as if it had been newly buried, it being supposed the head of one *Tolus* long before deceased, whence from *Caput* and *Tolus* it was called *Capitolium*.

(13) *Curia* worthy) There were in *Rome* several *Curia's*, of which chiefly one built by *Tullus Hostilius*, thence called *Curia Hostilia*, which was the chief Councel-house, whither the *Roman* Senators assembled themselves for the determining of state-matters.

(14) Forsaken *Grossis*) *Ariadne*, whom *Theseus* forsaking, *Bacchus* found and took to wife, bestowing on her the *Cynosian* Crown, beautified with seven stars, which hee before received of *Venus*.

(15) *Phryxus* colour) *Phryxus* the Son of *Athamas*, King of *Thebes*, who with his Sister *Helle*, to escape the cruelty of their Stepmother *Ino*, mounted on the back of a golden Ramm, crossing over the *Pontick* Streights, *Helle* fell off and was drowned in the Sea, which from her name was called *Helle-spont*. But *Phryxus* arriving in safety at *Colchos*, sacrificed his Ramm to *Jupiter*, hanging up his golden fleece in the Temple, whence it was afterwards taken by *Jason*, and the rest of the *Argonautes*. The Ramm in his pristine form was placed among the Stars, and is known by the Vernal Equinoxial Sign *Aries*.

Impositamq; sibi qui non bene pertulit Hellen

Tempora nocturnis aequa diurna facit.

Hee that in safety did not *Helle* bear,

Gives day and night of length an equal share.

H

(16) Th

(16) Th' light bringing horses) the four horses of the Sun brought out by *Aurora*, the goddess of the morning, their names are *Pyrois*, *Eous*, *Aethon* and *Phlegon*, according to *Metam. lib. 2.*

——— *Volucres Pyrois, Eous & Aethon*
Solis Equi, quartusq; Phlegon.———

(17) Shee whom a feigned) *Europa* whom *Jove* carried in the shape of a Bull.

(18) As when at the Mill) I may well expect some Ladies frowns at the translation of this rude *Simile*, but I hope they will vanish into smiles, when they shall know I acknowledge it to be so.

(19) Friends ears) *Ulysses* premonish'd by *Circe* of the enchanting melody of the *Sirens*; with lost wax closed up the ears of all his companions, and caused himself to be fast bound to the Mast, that hee might hear them, but though never so much attracted, not be able to get loose, by which means hee escaped their allurements, though at the air of their bewitching voices hee called upon his friends to unbinde him, indeavouring to unloose himself. *Hom. Odyss. lib. 12.*

(20) Learn to sing) musick) dancing) here gentle Reader, give mee leave out of *Lucian. de saltatione* to answer those censorious and *Eschilean* pated (for I cannot term them hairbrain'd) men, that go about to vilifie those princely recreations, *Scio vos illecebris hisce, &c.* I know if you did but hear them play, you would bee so ravished with the sense of them, that you would (let mee add, if your corporeal delapidations have not rendred you incapable of such exercises) dance for company your selves. Yea

Scaliger

Scaliger himself so famed by all the *Criticks*, saith,
in musicis supra omnem fidem capior & oblector, &c.
 I am extraordinarily taken and delighted with musick; I am hugely detained with the grace and beauty of women; I do gladly behold them dance, and am pleased to be idle amongst them. And *Epicurus* used these as means to recover his sick patients; hee laid them on a down-bed, crowned with a Garland of sweet smelling flowers, in a perfumed closet, delicately set out, and after a potion or two of cordial drink, hee brought in a beautiful young Maid to play on a Lute, sing and dance.

(21) *Orpheus* an excellent Poet and Musician of *Thrace*, who made the barbarous people, yea the very trees and stones to dance after his *Harp*. *Met. lib. 11.*

*Carmina dum tali Syloas animosq; ferarum,
 Threicini vates & saxa sequentia traxit.*

Having lost his wife *Euridice*, hee descended to Hell to seek her, where with his *Harp* hee so charmed *Cerberus*, *Pluto*, and *Proserpine*, that hee had his wife restored to him, but looking back before hee was got out (the thing only excepted in the restauration) shee was again taken away. *Martial. lib. 14. Epig. 165.*

*Reddidit Euridicen vati, sed perdidit ipse
 dum sibi non credit, nec patienter amat.*

The Poet got *Euridice*, but shee
 Was with distrust lost, and impatieney.

(22) *Balls must*) *Ludum parvus pile* is commended

by *Galen*, whether with the hand or racket; it was of great request amongst the antient *Greeks*, mentioned by *Homer*, and was first invented by *Aganella*, a Maid of *Corcyra*, who presented the first Ball ever made to *Alcinous* his Daughter, and taught her the use of it.

(23) *Arena* sprinkled) the *Amphitheater*, a show-place in *Rome*, where the *Gladiatours* were wont to fight, all sorts of wilde beasts were brought to tear one another in peeces. *Aulus Gellius* in his fifth book *de Atticis Noct.* affirms that a certain slave being brought hither to be an Actor in these beastly Tragedies, a Lion of immense greatness came from amongst the rest, and tawnd upon him, not suffering any other of the wilde beasts to injure or molest him; at which the Citizens wondring, inquired the cause, to whom the wretch told, that flying from his Master into a certain desert, hee concealed himself in a great cave, where hee had not long abode before a mighty Lion came halting in, with a legg bloody, and deeply wounded; the Lion instead of devouring (which hee only expected) came forward, looking pitifully, as though hee would complain to him of his pain, at which, taking courage, hee applied some herbs to the sore, binding it up as well as hee could, which hee had no sooner done, but the Lion made out for his prey, and brought in certain peeces of raw flesh, which hee made his daily food of. At length, wearied with this savage life, left the desert, and betaking him to his travels, was caught by his old Master, and brought from *Egypt* hither to be a Gladiator; since whose departure it seemed the Lion was also taken and brought to *Rome*. At which the people gave him the

the Lion to lead through the streets, as a Miracle. *de Arena, vide supra.*

(24) *Vestas* fire) the Nunnery of *Vesta* stood near to *Castors* Temple, to which belonged six Virgins or Votaries, whose office was chiefly to keep the sacred fire, for the extinction of which, they were had into a dark corner, stript naked, and scourged by the chief *Pontifex*.

(25) *Vitta* do not) a fillet with which the Vestals bound their hair. *Vide supra.*

(26) Sharp pointed Arrows) If any shall wonder at this adjective to Arrows, concluding them all to be sharp pointed, I shall satisfy him out of *Metam. lib. 1.* that *Cupid* had of two sorts.

*Deque Sagittifera promptis duotela Pharetra,
Diversorum operum: fugat hoc, facit illud amorem.
Quod facit auratum est, & cuspidē fulget acuta:
Quod fugat obtusum est, & habet sub arundine plum-*
Englished by the admired Sir George Sandys. (*bum.*)

Two different Arrows from his quiver draws,
One hate of love, the other love doth cause:
What caul'd was sharp, and had a golden head,
But what repulst was blunt, and tipst with Lead.

(27) Barriers left) the *Romans* had at the end of their *Circus*, certain Barriers called *Carceres*, that is places railed in, from which the horses began their Races.

(28) Waters at fit time) waters to write with, as the water of *Chalchantum*, *Alum*, or *Sal Armoniacum*, with the two first, what ever you shall write on Paper cannot be read, till held in water, the last, betwixt you and the fire.

(29) Milk you write) the Milk of a Figg-tree, with which you may write upon any part of your body, being dry, it will not be read till rubbed over with a Charcoal.

(30) *Pharian Isis*) *Egyptian Isis*, to whom there was consecrate a Temple in *Rome*.

(31) *Hymettus*) a Mountain of *Athens* abounding with Bees, and plenty of honey.

(32) *Thebais* being tall) *Andromache*, the wife of *Hector*, and daughter to *Ætion* King of *Thebes*, whence shee is called *Thebais*. *Dares Phrygius* gives us this character of her, *Andromacham oculis claris, candidam, longam, &c.* *Andromache* was fair eyed, courteous, tall, lovely, modest, affable and discreet; which vertues may be truly asserted inherent to the Major part of her glorious sex, which gives mee occasion to conclude with that of my Author. *lib. 3.*

Ipsa quoq; & cultu est & nomine femina virtus:

Nec mirum populo si placet ipsa suo.

Ladies are really all vertue, then

No wonder if so much they please us men.

FINIS.

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